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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A FIFTH READER

CRANE AND WHEELER

· CHICAGO ·
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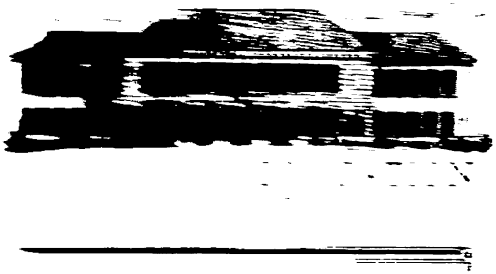

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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A FIFTH READER

BY

WILLIAM ILER CRANE

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The pupils, by constant reference to this Guide to Pronunciation, should learn the sounds of the letters here given, with their phonic symbols. The teacher in addition to this should familiarize herself with the detailed explanations of the sounds as presented in "A Guide to Pronunciation" in Webster's New International Dictionary or in Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary.

In the Guide to Pronunciation here given, pronunciations of words have been indicated, as far as possible, by respelling, thus: **zephyr** (**zĕf'ẽr**).

LETTERS WITH THEIR SYMBOLS OR MARKS AS USED IN RESPELLING WORDS TO INDICATE THEIR PRONUNCIATION

ā as in **fāte**
á as in **sen'áte**
â as in **câre**
ă as in **făt**
ȧ as in **ȧsk**
ä as in **färr**
ă unaccented, as in **fi'năl**
ȧ unaccented, as in **so'fȧ**

d͡h for **du**, as in **ver'dure**, and **deu**, as in **gran'deur**
(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ē as in **ēve**
ẹ as in **crẹ-ate'**
ĕ as in **mĕt**
ẽ as in **cin'dẽr**
ẽ unaccented

g unmarked (always hard), as in **go**
gz used to indicate **x**, as in **exist** (**egz ist'**)

hw for **wh**, as in **what**

ī as in **īce**
I as in **Ill**

j as in **joke**; also for **g**, as in **engine** (**en'jin**)

k as in **keep**; also for **c**, as in **cat**; and **ch**, as in **cho'rus**
ks used to indicate **x**, as in **vex**
kw for **qu**, as in **queen**

ŋ like **ng**, as in **baŋk**; **single** (**siŋ'g'l**)

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N (small capital) representing nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel, as in **Toulon** (to͞o-lôN′)

(The teacher should examine § 60, Note 2, p. xlii, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

o͞ as in **no͞te**
o̊ as in **o̊-bey′**
ô as in **lôrd**
ŏ as in **nŏt**
o̊ as in **do̊g**

(This sound is the sound between **o** in **fôr** and **o** in **nŏt**.)

ŏ unaccented, as in **cŏn-nect′**

o͞o͞ as in **fo͞o͞l**
o͝o as in **fo͝ot**

ou as in **out**; **ow** as in **how**
oi as in **oil**; **oy** as in **boy**

s used for soft **c**, as in **cell**

th as in **thin**
t͟h as in **t͟hen**
tu͟ as in **na′tu͟re**

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

u͞ as in **mu͞te**
ů as in **ů-nite′**
û as in **fûr**
ŭ as in **tŭb**
u̇ unaccented, as in **cir′cu̇s**

zh used for **z**, as in **azure** (**azh′ur**); also for **s**, as in **pleasure** (**plezh′ur**)

(′) to indicate a vowel omitted, as in **evil** (**e′v′l**)

(′) to indicate the principal accent

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

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WITH THEIR SYMBOLS OR MARKS AS USED IN RE- ING WORDS TO INDICATE THEIR PRONUNCIATION

e
a'àte
e

ss

ted, as in **fi'năl**
ted, as in **so'fȧ**

, as in **ver'dure**, and in **gran'deur**

teacher should examine p. lvi, Webster's New ational Dictionary.)

e
ē-ate'
t
'dēr

g unmarked (always hard), as in **go**
gz used to indicate **x**, as in **exist** (**egz ist'**)

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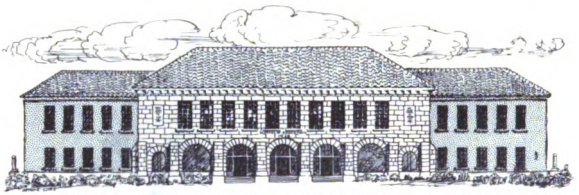

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A FIFTH READER

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INTRODUCTION

It is not possible to do anything rationally without first
our possession a perfectly clear conception of the purpose for
thing is done; for the purpose is the only thing that can sho
thing is to be done correctly. Therefore, in the preparation
of readers the first thing to be determined is — *The Purpose o*
Reading.

The Purpose of Teaching Reading is unquestionably to
child to get from a printed page the *Images*, the *Thoughts*, and
tions of the author who wrote the page.

No good literature has been really *read* unless the reader
able to attain from the printed page these three things, — th
the Thoughts, and the Emotions of the writer.

The teaching of reading consists in using all of those proce
will lead the child most directly and certainly to the ability to
correctly the printed page.

The following explanation will show this idea clearly.

A poet in writing a poem passes through the following steps

THE POET'S PROCESS

1. The poet sees something and feels an emotion.

2. He feels in some vague way that this thing has a relation

3. His mental processes change this abstract relation into
forms.

4. The poet crystallizes these concrete forms into words.

The following illustration will make this clear. Take Lo
familiar poem, " The Rainy Day."

From inside the old Wadsworth House at Portland, Maine
looked out and saw a leaden sky; he saw the rain falling, and
leaves loosening their hold and dropping; and he heard the sigh

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c. The vine clinging to the moldering wall is like my thoughts clinging to the past;

d. The leaves falling thick in the blast are like my hopes."

Thus he works out the concrete forms of the relation of the rainy day to his life. This is Step 3.

Then he changes the concrete forms into words arranged metrically, and thus he has what is called a poem. This is Step 4.

Thus it will be seen that he has gone through the four steps mentioned, — (1) an emotion, (2) a consciousness of an abstract relation to life, (3) a change of the abstract relation to the concrete forms of that relation, and (4) a crystallization of them into the words of the poem.

THE READER'S PROCESS

Now the person who reads the poem called "The Rainy Day" experiences these four steps, but in exactly the reverse order, as follows:

1. He comes first to — *the words.*

2. He reads through the words and sees the concrete forms of a relation to life, or that the wind is like the poet's sighs, the rain like his tears, the vine clinging to the wall like his thoughts clinging to the past, and the dead leaves falling thick in the blast like his hopes.

3. Then all these things begin to lose their individual identities and to blend or focalize into one impression, — *an abstract relation to life.*

4. If all of this has been done clearly and properly, the reader arrives at — *the emotion with which the poet started.*

The following tabulation will make clear what is meant here:

THE FOUR STEPS

The way the poet takes the steps			*The way the reader takes the steps*
	1. An emotion.	4.	
The poet begins at the top and goes down.	2. An abstract relation to life.	3.	The reader begins at the bottom and goes up.
	3. The concrete forms of the relation to life.	2.	
	4. The words of the poem.	1.	

The reader has not read the poem until he has taken all of these four steps.

We do not mean to say that all poems have a relation to life. But in all cases the reader, if he really reads, must draw from the printed

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words (1) Images, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Emotions. This is tr
poetry and prose.

The poets and the story-tellers live in the imagination, v
much larger world than that found in the geographies, and
larger region they often take us. If we wish to follow them
train our mental eyesight. We must see the scene, and ente
thought and the feeling of the story or the poem which we r
imagination is a wonderful worker if only we trust it. It is as s
of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory.
is no imagination, there can be no sympathy. The greatest i
training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination.
this power of mental vision which we call imagination, we can
well, because we can never understand well. We may have
the gifts of the old fairy tale, the magic glass through whicl
distant objects and the magic rug on which one is borne to far-
But both of these gifts are ours in this wonderful power of ima

The Reading Process. — The problem of teaching reading
using that set of processes which will enable the child upon ta
printed page to get easily and correctly the author's Images,
and Emotions. No matter how beautifully he can vocalize tl
page, he has not *read* the page at all unless he has drawn from t
words these three things. In reading aloud it is not possible
truly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions to a hea
there be present in the reader's mind as he uses his voice, th
Thoughts, and Emotions of the author; for the presence of t
things in the reader's mind is the only possible cause of such
of the vocal organs as will produce the tones and cadences
make the hearer see, think, and feel.

There will be little disagreement about *The Purpose of Teachin*

The Literary Basis Necessary to Produce This Result. —

1. Suitable material.
   a. The reading material chosen should be such as will
   best training basis to lead children to develop the
   the habit of getting from a printed page the In
   Thoughts, and the Emotions which the author pu
   selection.

In selecting the material for these books, no selection has been accepted merely because it is new; and no selection has been rejected merely because it is old. Very many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. We must not forget that, while these selections are old and familiar to the teacher and the parents, they are just as new to the child who sees them for the first time as they were to the first child who ever read them. They are the songs that will always be sung, and the stories that will always be told. Such selections should be studied for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The child who appreciates the vast difference between merely saying a thing and saying it well has the culture insight, which is one of the true ends in reading.

What the Editors and the Teacher Must Do. —

1. When a child studies a selection for the first time, he has in his possession some of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.

2. The editors and the teacher must, in the introduction, questions, definitions, and the assignment of the lesson, furnish the child *the remainder of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.*

An illustration of this may be found in the wonderful " readings " of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley. With intuitive instinct he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

Similar help should be given the child.

Is it not strange that so little has been done to help the child to interpret the printed page? In the lower grades, the great stress is very naturally and properly placed on drilling for recognition of words. But in the higher grades, after the fundamental processes of learning to read have been largely mastered, interpretation has been mainly left to chance. In fact the children in these higher grades have been given less help to master the full content of the printed page than has been given to high school pupils. In the high school it is thought necessary for the pupils to have classics which are very carefully edited. Why not in the grammar grades?

The child can interpret only by his own experiences. No matter how simple or primitive such introductions may look in a series of readers, the only introductory helps that are of value are the ones that recall to the child his own personal experiences and not some far-away literary information with which the child's mind cannot possibly function.

The Grading of the Selections. — The selections should be graded or

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arranged in the order of the difficulty of getting from them the series of Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. Simplicity of language does not at all imply simplicity of thought. Formerly George Macdonald's poem beginning,—

> " Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here,"

was supposed to be a proper selection for the first grade, because *it is about a baby.* But a moment's examination of the thought of this poem shows that it is extremely difficult and profound, and that even eighth grade children would find great difficulty in comprehending it at all, for the molecules making up the little body come, like " The Flower in the Crannied Wall," from almost every source in the universe.

Difficulty of comprehension, and not simplicity of language, is the true measuring unit for grading a set of readers.

In this series of readers, certain selections which usually have been graded lower down have been advanced to higher grades for the reason that their thought is too mature for the lower grades. This is true of such selections as " Maud Muller," " The Bugle Song," " My Heart Leaps Up," and the " Gettysburg Address."

The Definitions. — It has been customary in the school readers *to give the definitions after the child has tried to read the selection.* Now, as these definitions are part of the material which the child must have in order to understand the selection, they should come *before* he has tried to read it, and not after he has tried and failed. Otherwise, the child blunders through the selection without understanding. Then he becomes disgusted, decides that the selection has no interest for him, and finally grows to hate it. Learning the definitions afterwards will not help him, as then he has lost interest and has acquired a settled dislike for the selection. Knowledge of the meanings of the unknown words is part of the material necessary to the child *before* he attempts to read the selection, not afterwards.

Therefore in a series of readers, the "*Helps*" should give, not only an Explanatory Introduction, but the simple meanings of such words and phrases in the selection as the child is not likely to understand. And these should be given and studied *before* the selection is read as part of the material necessary for a reading of the selection with any interest. This seems so true that it is axiomatic.

The Nature of the Definitions. — Great care should be taken that the terms used in defining a word are words which the child already possesses

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and knows the meanings of. A definition is useless if it be as difficult as the word defined.

The definition of a word should not be the general definition given in the dictionary, but it should be simply the meaning of the word in the sense that is used in the selection and it should be given in the child's own vocabulary. Such definitions are not intended to take the place of the dictionary. Generally far too little stress is laid upon the use of the dictionary. The child should be encouraged to use it. But the child must wait for further experience to build up the general definition of a word.

Taking Literature into Life. — The teaching of reading and of literature does not attain its purpose unless the literature becomes a part of the reader's life in such a way that, as he goes about, it constantly rises to help him interpret his life. For example, if a person has read Wordsworth's little poem called "March," and if that poem has not helped him to see more in a March day than he would have seen without the poem, the time spent in reading it has been largely lost.

A poet, or in fact any worth-while writer, is a *seer*, an interpreter. He helps us to see what we cannot see without his aid. The eyes of most persons look at their environment, but do not *see* it. The poet teaches us how and what to see. He who has been properly taught to read should become his own seer, his own interpreter of nature and of life, without the aid of poet or prose writer to see for him and to tell him what it is that he is looking at.

Moral Teaching through Reading. — The greatest moral teaching that is attainable can be arrived at through the right kind of reading. For example, in reading such a selection as "The Singing Lesson," p. 112, it is not enough that the children be led to see how the brave little bird kept on trying. The selection has not really been read at all until the child applies it, not to some neighbor boy or girl, but to his own daily life. The selection, if rightly taught, must of itself force the child to ask, "Do I keep on trying when I have failed?" The teaching of the selection has practically failed of its purpose unless it results in simple understanding which passes into self-examination and self-action.

Reading has accomplished its purpose if it has been so taught as to lead the child to self-examination, and therefore to a determination to live better and more nobly, and it has failed unless it has achieved this.

The attempt has been made in these readers to carry the example of life that is in each selection over into the actual individual life of the child.

Accuracy of Information. — There is no need whatever in a series of grade school readers for an exhibition of editorial scholarship and erudi-

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tion. All far-away information, no matter how scholarly, is useless to the child. Only that is of value which is within his grasp and which, added to his own experience, will help him to comprehend the selection.

However, such information as the editors give should be of the most accurate kind. Such information as fails to help the child to interpret is bad pedagogy, and may be pure pedantry. This includes attempts to teach, in a series of grade school readers, the history of English Literature. Extended biographies are out of place here save in a very few exceptional cases where the author's life is directly concerned in the interpretation of the selection from his writings. What is a child profited, if he shall learn all the petty details of the lives of these great writers and all the foolish gossip about them, and lose the information, the pleasure, and the inspiration, that a thorough understanding of their writings would give him? Hamlet said, "The play's the thing." In a series of school readers, the life of the selection, and not the life of the author, is the thing.

Oral and Silent Reading. — In the public schools the aim should be to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. A sensitive imagination is essential to good reading. Reading is not good unless the hearers can tell how the reader feels by the way he reads. Good reading is good talking. In fact the more the conversational manner is carried over into the reading, especially in reading prose, the better the reading is likely to be. It should be impressed upon the children at all times that they are studying to get the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions that others have expressed in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is really all there is to oral reading.

But we must not forget the silent reader. There are probably ten who will wish to increase their ability to interpret the printed page in silence to one who is especially anxious to learn to read aloud, — ten who will be more anxious to get the correct impression from the printed page than to read it aloud with the correct expression. Fortunately both the silent reader and the oral reader need the same instruction in interpretation.

The pupil may not agree with either the editors' or the teacher's interpretation, and it is not important that he should; but it is important that he have an interpretation and that he be prepared to defend it.

Our Convictions. — We believe that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools; that a teacher is to be judged chiefly by the ease and the intelligence with which his pupils can read; that the human being who is able to read absolutely easily and intelligently holds

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the key to a vast portion of the sum of human knowledge; that the grown man uses but little the technical teachings of his school days, — those of algebra, geography, et cetera, — but that his intellectual growth depends very largely upon his ability to read; and that if a teacher teaches a child to read easily and intelligently, understanding what he is reading, he has conferred one of life's greatest blessings upon that child.

To find pleasure in reading good literature; to learn to love it; to gain power to choose it with discrimination; and to train the imagination, are the final results to be attained by the reading lesson. After we leave school, our information is largely gained from printed matter, and what we get from it is largely determined by our school training. More than we at first suspect we acquire from our reading the style of language we use, the forms of thought we entertain, and to a considerable degree the kind of lives we live. Reading not only informs but forms the mind.

In this age of rush and hurry, that which does not come to us easily as we read is considered hard and beyond our grasp. But if there is one lesson more than another that cannot be hurried it is the reading lesson. The principal question for each teacher to ask is — not how many pages have my pupils read in a month or a year, but how thoroughly have they understood what they have read; not how many selections have they read hurriedly, carelessly, and thoughtlessly, but how many have they read carefully, thoughtfully, and intensively?

The study helps are intended to be only suggestive. It is our earnest and sincere hope, however, that these introductions, questions, and suggestions may be helpful, and that they will lead to many interesting discussions. We hope that the children may enjoy these selections so much that they will learn to interpret others and that they may eventually learn to enjoy what is now far beyond their mental grasp.

William Iler Crane.
William Henry Wheeler.

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FIFTH READER

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

This beautiful little song, or lullaby, was written by the great English poet, Alfred Tennyson. It may be found in a long poem called " The Princess," which you will sometime read.

The scene of the poem is a small fishing village, probably on the western coast of England.

Let us try first to see the village.

Most of the houses are the small, thatch-roofed dwellings of the fishermen. There are also small shops or stores.

At the shore are the wharves, the buildings where fish are cured and packed, and the large reels where the fishing nets are dried.

Back of the village is a hill, from which can be seen the fleet of fishing boats far out at sea.

Let us climb this hill till we come to a fisherman's cottage. We quietly glance in at the door. There is a clean floor with pieces of rag carpet for rugs. In the corner is a neat bed with a many-colored quilt.

In a large old-fashioned rocking chair sits a fisherman's young wife, holding in her arms a baby about a year old.

The mother is rocking her baby and at the same time looking earnestly out of the window for out to sea, where she can see the sail of her husband's fishing boat.

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Evening is coming on, the moon is rising, the tide will come in as the moon rises, and she knows that the husband and father will come home on the tide to her and the baby.

She is singing in a low, sweet voice. She is not singing to the baby. She is singing a *prayer*, a prayer that the wind will not wreck his boat, but that it will blow —

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!"

Out through the window, she watches her husband's boat dancing homeward over the rolling waters, helped by the tide that the "dying moon" is bringing, and she sings on, —

"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to *me*," —

Then she looks downward at the baby, as she sings, —

"While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps."

As she looks down, the movement of her head wakens the baby, and he half opens his eyes. The mother rocks on, but she sings directly to the baby, singing, —

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon."

Now the baby closes his eyes again, and the mother, rising very carefully, puts him into an old cradle at her side and gently tucks him in. Then she seats herself at the window and again looking out, sees that the boat has come in, and knows that soon her husband will be at home with her and the baby. In a low voice, filled with joy, she now sings, —

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" Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon."

Singing more and more softly and rocking more and more slowly, she closes her song with, —

" Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep,"

the song dying almost to a whisper as the baby lies asleep in his crib, and her husband comes in at the door.

Now read the poem, following the story carefully, and trying all the time to see what has been described and to hear the mother as she sings.

Before you read the poem, do not fail to learn the meaning of the following words:

rolling waters: the sea with waves like hills and valleys.
dying moon: the moon as it is " dying," or growing smaller, or " waning."
silver sails: sails which look silver-colored by the light of the moon.

Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

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Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote "Sweet and Low"? Tell what you know of him.
2. What is the proper name for a song to put a baby to sleep?
3. Describe the village where the incident, told in this lullaby, is supposed to have happened.
4. In what industry were the people of the village engaged?
5. Where shall we imagine the cottage of the young fisherman to be?
6. Tell what we should have seen had we peeped into the cottage on the evening when the lullaby was sung.
7. Why is the young mother looking far out of the window?
8. What is she thinking or praying in the first lines of her song? What is she waiting and hoping for?
9. Can you see her as she rocks the baby? Describe her.
10. What is the "dying moon"?
11. Can you see the fishing boat coming in? Describe it.
12. What does she ask the wind to do for her?
13. At what line of the song does she turn from watching the boat to look at the baby? What does she sing then? What

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does the baby do as she looks down at him?

14. What does she promise the baby as she sings to him?
15. What is meant by "silver sails all out of the west"? Why are they called "silver sails"?
16. What line tells when she puts the baby into the cradle?
17. Who comes home when the baby is asleep? What do you suppose he did upon entering the house?
18. Have you been able to imagine what is described in the song? Describe it in your own words.
19. This song has a beautiful tune and you will enjoy singing it. The words and music are given on p. 20.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, one of the greatest of English poets, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, in 1809. He was the fourth of a family of twelve children. He began writing poetry when a small boy, and continued to write beautiful poems until he was more than eighty years of age. At the age of seventy-five, he became Lord Tennyson. He died in 1892, aged eighty-three years.

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.
Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager-fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage Love ever asked —
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle-light.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

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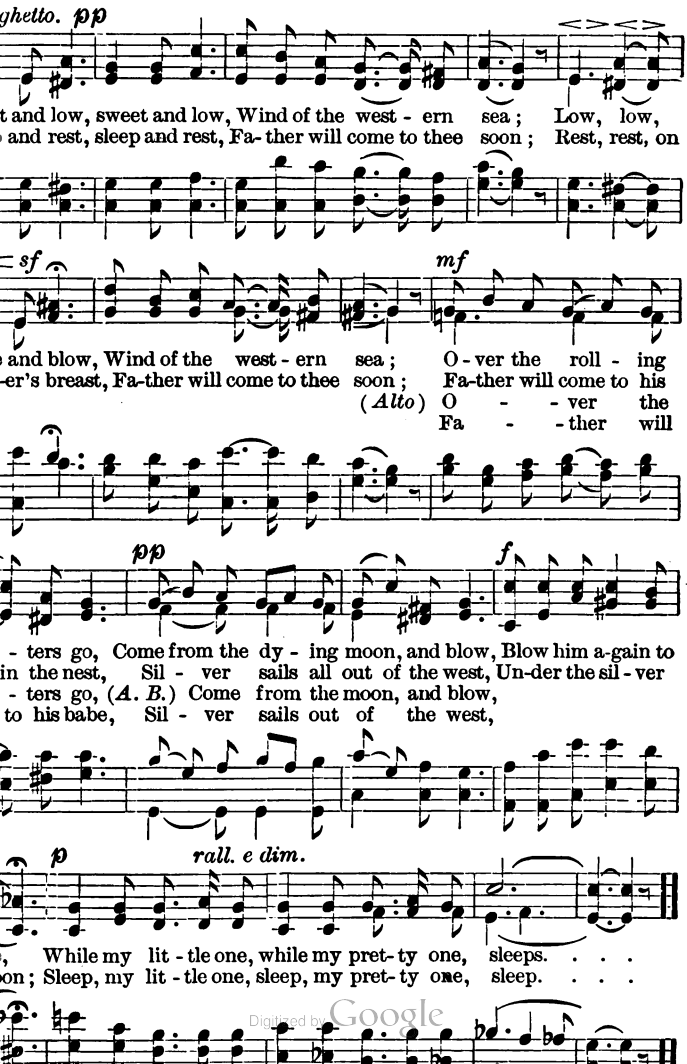
Sweet and Low

RED, LORD TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY


ghetto. pp
t and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea ; Low, low,
and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon ; Rest, rest, on
sf
mf
and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea ; O - ver the roll - ing
-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon ; Fa-ther will come to his
(Alto) O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will
pp
f
- ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a-gain to
in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil - ver
- ters go, (A. B.) Come from the moon, and blow,
to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
p
rall. e dim.
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. . . .
on ; Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .

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HOW MARGERY WONDERED

LUCY LARCOM

To understand this story, we shall have to imagine a little girl not quite six years old, with big, round, gray eyes, and wrapped in a plaid, or cross-barred, shawl of bright colors. Can you imagine such a little girl? Shut your eyes and try to see her. Her name is Margery (mär'jĕr-ĭ).

Little Margery lived near the great ocean, and "one bright morning late in March," she started out all alone to walk on the sandy beach or shore of the ocean. Try to see her as she "trudges" along over the sand.

Now Margery was only a very little girl, and everything around her seemed very wonderful.

She saw the sun which had just risen far out over the ocean. It seemed just like a great golden flower — a flower without a stem. Or maybe it did have a stem that reached down below the sea. And Margery *wondered* about it.

Then she saw the waves chasing one another up over the beach like little children playing. Margery wondered where they came from, and what it was that they were whispering. She wondered who was off yonder where the sky meets the ocean with the hoarse, hollow voice, pushing the waves across the beach at her feet. And what was down beneath the deep waters of the sea?

Then Margery heard a bluebird singing. It was the first bluebird she had ever seen or heard, and she wondered how he got the music in his throat, and how he could make it wind itself off so evenly. It was very wonderful to the little girl.

She saw the grass blades and the spring beauties breaking out

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of the black earth. And she wondered how the spring beauties knew when to take off their little green hoods and see what was in the world around them. She thought that if she should sit down beside them and wait patiently, perhaps they would tell her if they saw her eyes watching them. She did not touch them, for they seemed *alive* like herself. But she *wondered* and *wondered!*

Then she heard her mother calling her, and she trudged home very happy, for the big world seemed so wonderful to her. And when she came to her mother, she asked why everything out in Nature was so pretty and so *glad!* Then she said, "Mother, don't you like to *wonder?*"

But Margery's mother did not like to wonder. She wondered only *that Margery should like to wonder*, and she thought that Margery was a "*queer* child!"

Margery's mother had once been a little girl like Margery. And she, too, had then liked to *wonder*. But as she grew up to womanhood, and care and worry came to her, she forgot all about God's big, beautiful world around her. Yes, she forgot it so utterly that she *wondered why little Margery found it so wonderful!* Margery's mother's life was shut up within the walls of her home and in the oven with the gingerbread, which she was baking.

Her hard life had made her close the doors and windows of her mind, so that she never wondered any more at the sunrise, or the blooming of the flowers, or the songs of the birds! She had allowed herself to become blind and deaf to all of the wonderful sights and sounds of Nature. She lived in the world, but she did not think any more about the beautiful world that was all around her!

Would it not be a pitiful thing if little Margery, with her big, round, gray, wondering eyes, should have such a hard, narrow life that she would finally forget to wonder at the beauty of the sunrise, and the whispering of the waves, and the song of the bluebird?

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In this story, Lucy Larcom is trying to teach us never to cease to wonder at the beautiful world about us; to keep our eyes and our ears open to all that Nature presents to them; and no matter how old we may grow, to keep alive our love of the beautiful and the marvelous in God's wonderful world and to *wonder* at it as little Margery did.

Now let us read 'How Margery Wondered," trying to see the little wonderer as she "went trudging across the beach." Let us see each thing that she saw and hear each thing that she heard, and wonder with her. Let us see her big, wondering eyes as she asked her mother, "Mother, don't you like to *wonder*?" And let us also see her good but unseeing mother, as she said to herself about her little girl's wondering, "*Queer* child! I wonder what kind of woman she will be!" Let us hope that Margery, when she grew up, never wondered at her own little daughter's wondering, but "trudged" along with her and still wondered with her at the marvelous works of God.

But before you read the story, learn the meanings of the following words:

beach: the sandy shore of the ocean.

Highland plaid shawl (plăd): a cross-barred shawl of bright colors, like those worn in Scotland.

trudging (trŭj'ĭng): walking slowly and with difficulty, as in soft sand.

hues (hūz): colors.

pearl-lined calyx (kā'lĭks): the cup of leaves, usually green, out of which a flower bursts or blooms.

horizon (hō-rī'zŭn): the line where the sky and the sea or the earth seem to meet.

warble: here, a bluebird's song.

prickly twigs: small dead twigs on the cedar tree.

budding soul of a little child: the mind, or the nature, or the soul, of a little child growing beautiful by wondering and learning, just as a flower blooms or changes from bud to flower.

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How Margery Wondered

One bright morning late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was but a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.

There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the waters at the sun, and wondered! For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day; — it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx, — a flower without a stem. Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in, and the waves, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell.

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Where did the waves come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon, with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach at her feet? And what secret was it they were lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? Oh, what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea birds, were gliding out and in?

But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock, and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble to her ear from a cedar tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was.

And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as the cedar berries had, which were dusty blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get in his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across the snow banks down to the shore of the blue sea?

The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so

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much alike, that the bird and the waves must have both learned their music of the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

The grass was surely beginning to grow! There were fresh, juicy shoots running up among the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down she saw the sharp points of new spears peeping from their sheaths. And scattered here and there were small, dark green leaves folded around buds shut up so tightly that only those who had watched them many seasons could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common things, nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.

What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up here? — and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when their forms had faded away in this?

Margery thought she would like to sit down on

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the bank, and wait beside the buds until they opened; perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. She only wondered, and wondered!

Margery heard her mother calling her, and she trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks; for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "O mother, do let me live on the doorstep! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"

Margery's mother was a good woman. But then there was all the housework to do, and, if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander outside of the kitchen door. And just now she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burned in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the doorstep, saying to herself as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

But Margery sat on the doorstep and wondered,

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as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made, ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the title of this lesson? What does it mean?
2. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know of her.
3. Describe little Margery. How old was she?
4. What time of year was it when Margery "went trudging across the beach"?
5. What did Margery see first that made her wonder? What did the sun look like to her? What did she wonder about the sun?
6. What did she wonder about the waves? Try now to hear them "whispering."
7. What did the far-off ships look like?
8. What did she wonder about the bluebird's song?
9. What is meant by the waves and the bluebird's having "learned their music from the same teacher"? Who do you think the "teacher" is?
10. What did Margery wonder about the grass and the spring beauties?
11. How did all these wonderful things make Margery feel?

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12. What did she ask her mother when she arrived at home?
13. What did her mother think about Margery's "wondering"?
14. Why had the mother ceased to "wonder"?
15. What had hard work made the mother lose?
16. What does Lucy Larcom intend to teach you in this story?
17. Why was Margery so happy as she sat on the doorstep? Read aloud the next to the last paragraph to answer this.
18. Why did "the angels look down and wonder over Margery" as she slept?
19. What is "the budding soul of a little child"?
20. What does the wisdom of the wisest man end in?
21. What does Lucy Larcom think is the most wonderful thing on earth?

Lucy Larcom, the author of "How Margery Wondered," was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. She was a poor girl working in a factory at Lowell, Massachusetts, when her poems and stories attracted the attention of the poet Whittier. She became famous and beloved for her beautiful poems and stories. She died at Boston, in 1893.

O Bluebird, up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the sky for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your breast?
Tell me, I pray you, tell me true!

SAMUEL SWETT

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

If we could get far up in the sky and look down upon the world, we should see a great round ball eight thousand miles in diameter. At the north and the south ends, if we may call them ends, we should see the earth always white with snow. Then we should see the great oceans curving or " curling " around the world. We should see thousands of miles of green forest and grass covering the breast of the earth.

The big world is covered all over with the air that we breathe to a depth of about fifteen miles. Looking down through the air, we should see the forests shaken by the winds, and hundreds of miles of wheat fields waving in the breeze.

We should see hundreds of —

" — cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon it for thousands of miles."

The world is so big that no one can picture in his mind more than a small part of it at one time.

And we are so small! The earth is eight thousand miles through the center, and we are only a few feet high. The world is very wonderful, but there are reasons why we are more wonderful than the world, which is so big and so "beautifully drest."

We shall find out in this poem why we are more wonderful than the " great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world."

Shut your eyes and try to think of the world, with the big oceans " curled " around it, the great forests with the wind shaking them,

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the big cities, and the millions of people on it. Then read the poem, and find out why you, yourself, are more wonderful than the world.

This is a description of the beautiful world that Margery wondered at, and that her mother had forgotten.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

isles (īlz): islands. | **dot**: a very little thing.

The Wonderful World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod, and the rivers that flow?
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,

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A whisper inside me seemed to say,—
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
You can *love* and *think*, and the earth can not."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why does Mr. William Brighty Rands, who wrote this poem, say that the oceans are "curled" around the world?
2. What does he mean by the earth's "breast"?
3. What are the beautiful clothes that dress the world?
4. What things does the wind do?
5. How "far" does the "friendly earth" really "go"? How far is it around the world?
6. Why does Mr. Rands say the earth is "friendly"?
7. Why are you more wonderful than the world?
8. Read the poem aloud again, trying to *tell* its story to your classmates as you read.

William Brighty Rands (1823–1882), "the laureate of the nursery," wrote under the pen name of Matthew Browne; after a struggle with poverty he became a reporter in the House of Commons. He wrote much prose and verse for various periodicals, and was especially esteemed for his poems and fairy tales for children.

For life is so high a perfection of being that in this respect the least fly or mite is a more noble being than a star.

BISHOP ROBERT SOUTH

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THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The name by which all real Americans love best to call the American flag is — "Old Glory" — probably because it is such a glorious sight when the wind unfurls it, and because, too, of its glorious history.

In 1898, the following query appeared very frequently in the press: "Where, why, and by whom, was our flag, the Stars and Stripes, first called 'Old Glory'?"

In this poem, we must suppose that Mr. Riley is looking up at the old flag as it floats from a tall staff, and is asking the flag where it got its name of "Old Glory." But "Old Glory" does not answer his question, for —

> "The old banner lifted, and faltering then
> In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again."

Now read the first stanza carefully, being sure to get its meaning.

In the War Between the States from 1861 to 1865, the Union troops wore blue uniforms and the Confederates wore gray. By "*blended* ranks of the blue and the gray," the poet means that the blue and the gray are friends now. They march together instead of against each other.

Now read the second stanza very carefully. He says that "just to *hear* it," — that is, the name "Old Glory," — is —

> ". . . a tang to the spirit,
> As salt as a tear; —

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And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high."

Have you ever felt this as you looked at " Old Glory "?

Then again he asks the question, " Who gave you the name of 'Old Glory'? "

" Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last."

Now read " Old Glory's " answer in the last stanza.

But you will have some trouble in understanding " Old Glory's " answer. You will understand it when you read what Joseph Rodman Drake, in " The American Flag," tells about how Freedom first made " Old Glory." He says: —

" When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled *her* standard to the air, —
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light."

That is, Tyranny had made flags. But when *Freedom* made *her* flag, she made it as follows:

For the blue field, she tore out a piece of the blue sky of night.

Then " she set the stars of glory there."

For the white, she took a piece of the Milky Way.

Then for the red stripes, she took " streakings of the morning light," or of the crimson sunrise.

You will remember that the Bible says, " The heavens declare the glory of God."

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So Freedom took from the heavens the very "glory of God" out of which to make her flag, which, of course, is "Old Glory." That is what the poet means when he makes "Old Glory" say,—

"My name is as old as the Glory of God."

Now read the poem, thinking that you are looking up at "Old Glory" and asking how it got its name. Be sure you understand the meaning of every sentence.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

rapturous air: (răp'tŭr-ŭs): the air full of joy because it could play with "Old Glory."

tang: a taste of something which does not belong to the thing itself; as, wine or cider has a tang of the cask.

christening (krĭs"n-ĭng): the naming.

an audible answer: an answer which could be heard.

the symbol conjoined of them all: the flag is the symbol, or sign, of our country. It is made up, or "conjoined," by putting together the red, the white, the blue, and the stars.

The Name of Old Glory

1

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue, —
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to? —
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you? —
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,

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With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

2

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last. —

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3

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: —

By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

From "Home Folks," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1897. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by "the *blended* ranks of the blue and the gray"?
2. You have heard of a "ringing shout," or a shout with a "ring," like the sound of bells in it. Then what is meant by "that name, with a ring of the same"?
3. What is the "little square heaven of blue" in the flag?
4. Of what does Joseph Rodman Drake say Freedom made her banner, or the American Flag?
5. What does "Old Glory" mean when it says, "My name is as old as the glory of God"?
6. You should know this poem by heart.

James Whitcomb Riley, the beloved American poet, was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. As a boy, he cared little for the study of books but his mind absorbed nature and the life around him. From this store of knowledge came the poems that have made his name a household word in America. He had a great love for children and wrote many sweet poems about them and for them. He died at Indianapolis in 1916.

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THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote this beautiful story, never had any children of his own. In his youth, he seemed shy with children; but as he grew older, he loved them greatly. He was never happier than when he was telling his beautiful stories to a group of big-eyed children gathered around him.

He was once visiting his friend Julius Mosen, the poet, at the poet's house in Oldenburg, Germany. He read some of his fairy stories to a group of children, among whom was Mr. Mosen's little son. Afterward, the little boy asked his father whether Mr. Andersen had any children of his own. The father said that Mr. Andersen was a bachelor, and had no children. Also that he had hardly any home at all.

" But isn't he very lonely then, papa? " said the little boy.

" Yes, I think he is," said the father.

The next day the little boy went to his father and handed him a tin soldier in a Turkish uniform. Then he asked his father to give it to Mr. Andersen. He was too bashful to offer it himself.

Mr. Mosen gave the tin soldier to Hans Christian Andersen.

" Your little son has only two tin soldiers, and I am to have one of them! " said Hans, almost in tears. " Tell him I thank him from the bottom of my heart. I shall keep this present all my life, and it will often cause me to remember your little boy's love."

For many years, he carried the tin soldier with him wherever he went, and showed it to hundreds of persons as he told the story.

You see, then, why he wrote about tin soldiers and why he made his " Steadfast Tin Soldier " so faithful a lover.

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You will find the story of Hans Christian Andersen's life on page 134 of the Fourth Reader of this series.

In reading "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," try to see and to hear all that the story tells about.

These are the words you should learn before reading the story:

steadfast (stĕd'fȧst): faithful.
offspring (ôf'sprĭng): the children of the tin spoon.
gauze (gôz): a very light, soft, fluffy cloth.
spangle (spăŋ'g'l): a piece of metal for an ornament.
goblin (gŏb'lĭn): a very small and mischievous fairy.

The Steadfast Tin Soldier

Part I

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they were the offspring of the same old tin spoon. Each man shouldered his gun, kept his eyes well to the front, and wore the smartest red and blue uniform imaginable. The first thing they heard in their new world, when the lid was taken off the box, was a little boy clapping his hands and crying, "Soldiers, soldiers!" It was his birthday and they had just been given to him; so he lost no time in setting them up on the table. All the soldiers were exactly alike with one exception, and he differed from the rest in having only one leg. For he was made last, and there was not quite enough tin left to finish him. However, he stood just as well on his one leg, as the others on two, in fact he is the very one who is to become famous.

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On the table where they were being set up, were many other toys; but the chief thing which caught the eye was a delightful paper castle. You could see through the tiny windows, right into the rooms. Outside there were some little trees surrounding a small mirror, representing a lake, whose surface reflected the waxen swans which were swimming about on it. It was altogether charming, but the prettiest thing of all was a little maiden standing at the open door of the castle. She, too, was cut out of paper, but she wore a dress of the lightest gauze, with a dainty little blue ribbon over her shoulders, by way of a scarf, set off by a brilliant spangle, as big as her whole face. The little maid was stretching out both arms, and standing on one leg, for she was a dancer, and the tin soldier supposed that she, like himself, had but one leg.

"That would be the very wife for me!" he thought; "but she is much too grand. She lives in a palace, while I have only a box, and then there are five and twenty of us to share it. No, that would be no place for her! But I must try to make her acquaintance!" Then he lay down full length behind a snuff box, which stood on the table. From that point he could have a good look at the little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

Late in the evening the other soldiers were put into their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now was the time for the toys to play. They amused themselves with paying visits, fighting battles, and

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THE LITTLE MAID WAS STRETCHING OUT BOTH ARMS

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giving balls. The tin soldiers rustled about in their box, for they wanted to join the games, but they could not get the lid off. The nutcrackers turned somersaults, and the pencil scribbled nonsense on the slate. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and joined in, but his remarks were in verse. The only two who did not move were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood as stiff as ever on tip-toe, with her arms spread out. He was equally firm on his one leg, and he did not take his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve, when pop! up flew the lid of the snuff box, but there was no snuff in it, no! There was a little black goblin, a sort of Jack-in-the-box.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "have the goodness to keep your eyes to yourself!"

But the tin soldier feigned not to hear.

"Ah! you just wait till to-morrow," said the goblin.

In the morning when the children got up, they put the tin soldier on the window frame, and whether it was caused by the goblin or by a puff of wind, I do not know; but all at once the window burst open, and the soldier fell headforemost from the third story.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who is the hero of this story? Who was his father? How many brothers did he have? How did he happen to have only one leg?
2. Tell why Hans Christian Andersen came to write about the tin soldier.

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3. Who is the heroine (hĕr′ ō-ĭn) of the story? What was she made of? How was she dressed? Why did the Tin Soldier think she was like himself?
4. What did the Tin Soldier think when he saw her?
5. What awful thing happened at midnight? What dreadful adventure happened to the Tin Soldier in the morning?

Part II

THE TIN SOLDIER'S VOYAGE

terror (tĕr′ĕr) : very great fear. | **undaunted** (ŭn-dän′tĕd) : fearless.

It was a terrific descent, and he landed at last, with his leg in the air, and rested on his cap, with his bayonet fixed between two paving stones. The maid-servant and the little boy ran down at once to look for him; but although they almost trod on him, they could not see him. Had the soldier only called out, "Here I am!" they would easily have found him, but he did not think it proper to shout when he was in uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a regular torrent. When it was over two street boys came along.

"Look out!" said one; "there is a tin soldier! He shall go for a sail."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the soldier into the middle of it, and he sailed away down the gutter. Both boys ran alongside clapping their hands. What waves there were in the gutter, and what

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a current! But then it certainly had rained cats and dogs! The paper boat danced up and down, and now and then whirled round and round. A shudder ran through the tin soldier, but he remained undaunted, and did not move a muscle, — he only looked straight before him with his gun shouldered. All at once the boat drifted under a long wooden tunnel, and it became as dark as it was in his box.

"Where on earth am I going to now!" thought he. "Well, well, it is all the fault of that goblin! Oh, if only the little maiden were with me in the boat it might be twice as dark for all I should care!"

At this moment a big water rat, who lived in the tunnel, came up.

"Have you a pass?" asked the rat. "Hand up your pass!"

The tin soldier did not speak, but clung still tighter to his gun. The boat rushed on, the rat close behind. Phew! how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to the bits of stick and straw!

"Stop him, stop him, he hasn't paid the toll! He hasn't shown his pass!"

But the current grew stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight before him at the end of the tunnel; but he also heard a roaring sound, fit to strike terror to the bravest heart. Just imagine! Where the tunnel ended the stream rushed straight into the big canal. That would be just as dangerous for him as it would be for us to shoot a great rapid.

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He was so near the end now that it was impossible to stop. The boat dashed out; the poor tin soldier held himself as stiff as he could; no one should say of him that he even winced.

The boat swirled round three or four times, and filled with water to the edge. It must sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper became limper and limper, and at last the water went over his head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer, whom he was never to see again, and this refrain rang in his ears:

"Onward! Onward! Soldier!
For death thou canst not shun."

At last the paper gave way entirely and the soldier fell through. But at the same moment he was swallowed by a big fish.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What became of the poor Tin Soldier after his fall? What did the boys do with him? Tell how brave he was when in danger. What did he think would comfort him on his terrible journey?
2. What did the water rat try to do? Tell of the adventures in the tunnel and on the canal. Why did the canal look so big to him? Tell how brave a soldier he was.
3. What became of him when his boat sank?

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Part III

HOW THE TIN SOLDIER CAME BACK AND HOW HE DIED LIKE A HERO

fitting: the proper thing to do.
without rhyme or reason (rīm): without any sense.
draught (drȧft): a current of air.
sylph (sĭlf): a fairy or a very graceful person.

Oh! how dark it was inside the fish! It was worse than being in the tunnel even; and then it was so narrow! But the tin soldier was as dauntless as ever, and lay full length, shouldering his gun.

The fish rushed about and made the most frantic movements. At last it became quite quiet, and after a time, a flash like lightning pierced it. The soldier was once more in the broad daylight, and some one called out loudly, "A tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a large knife. She took the soldier by the waist, with two fingers, and carried him into the parlor, where every one wanted to see the wonderful man who had traveled about in the stomach of a fish; but the tin soldier was not at all proud. They set him up on the table, and, wonder of wonders! he found himself in the very same room that he had been in before. He saw the very same children, and the toys were still standing on the table, as well as the beautiful castle with the pretty little dancer.

She still stood on one leg. You see she also was

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unbending. The soldier was so much moved that he was ready to shed tears of tin, but that would not have been fitting. He looked at her, and she looked at him, but they said never a word. At this moment one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and without rhyme or reason, threw him into the fire. No doubt the little goblin in the snuff box was to blame for that. The tin soldier stood there, lighted up by the flame, and in the most horrible heat; but whether it was the heat of the real fire, or the warmth of his feelings he did not know. He had lost all his gay color. It might have been from his dangerous journey, or it might have been from grief, who can tell?

He looked at the little maiden, and she looked at him; and he felt that he was melting away, but he still managed to keep himself erect, shouldering his gun bravely.

A door was suddenly opened, the draught caught the little dancer and she fluttered like a sylph, straight into the fire to the soldier, blazed up, and was gone!

By this time the soldier was reduced to a mere lump, and when the maid took away the ashes next morning she found him, in the shape of a small tin heart. All that was left of the dancer was her spangle, and that was burnt as black as a coal.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How was he rescued from the fish? Where did he find himself then? Whom did he find there that he

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wanted most to see? What does Hans Christian Andersen mean when he says the beautiful little dancer was "unbending"? (Think hard about this and remember that the Tin Soldier wanted her for his wife.) Do you think she was too proud when she did not "bend" to the wish of so brave a soldier?

2. How did the brave Tin Soldier die? Did he die bravely? What in the story tells you so?
3. Did he win the pretty dancer at last? Tell how she went to the brave soldier when she saw him dying.
4. What only was left of the Tin Soldier next morning? What do you think this means?

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth;
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white;
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose, with all its thorns, excels them both.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

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hat is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be e, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, pos-

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LITTLE BOY BLUE

EUGENE FIELD

Try to think of a man as he stands looking at a child's dusty little chair, on which are a dust-covered toy dog and a toy soldier, with red rust covering the soldier and his musket.

The tears are streaming from the man's eyes. He is thinking of a dear little lad whom he called " Little Boy Blue."

What is the man seeing besides the chair, the little toy dog, and the tin soldier? He is seeing Little Boy Blue, as, one evening long years ago, he got ready to go to bed. He had been playing with his bright new toys. He kissed each one, and put it on his chair. Then he said to the toy dog and the tin soldier, —

" Now, don't you go till I come,
And don't you make any noise!"

Then he toddled off to his trundle-bed to go to sleep, and dream of his pretty toys.

But he never came back to his beloved toy dog and his tin soldier. Poor little lad! He died that night. An angel song awakened Little Boy Blue.

And his parents left his toy dog and his tin soldier on the same little chair, just as he had left them when he kissed them and told them to wait till he should come again. And there they are still, waiting for him faithfully, through the many long years.

And they wonder —

" What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there."

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Learn the meanings of the following words before you read the poem:

sturdy: strong, ready for battle, brave.
stanch: brave-hearted, loyal.
passing fair: more than beautiful.
dreamt (drĕmt): dreamed.

Little Boy Blue

1

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

2

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

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3

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What picture must we see in the first stanza?
2. How long had the toy dog and the tin soldier been waiting for Little Boy Blue?
3. Imagine that you are Little Boy Blue, placing your toys in the chair and talking to them. Then read aloud the second stanza, just as you think it should be read.
4. Why did he not come back to his toys?
5. Why did his parents leave his toys untouched for so many years?
6. What does Mr. Field imagine that the toys are thinking?
7. How many friends are as true as these little toy friends?

Eugene Field, who wrote "Little Boy Blue" and many other delightful poems for children and about them, was born at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1850. He was a newspaper writer during most of his life. His poems about children and the things that children love have made him dear to American boys and girls and also to all grown persons who remember their childhood. Mr. Field died at Chicago, Illinois, in 1895.

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EVENING AT THE FARM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

In reading this poem, it is best first to study the title, — "Evening at the Farm." Think a moment, and ask yourself, "What should I expect to see if I spent an 'evening at a farm'?" Why, first, a boy going after the cows, of course. Let us follow him.

First, we must imagine a real boy, — his size, his looks, his clothes. What does he look like to you?

Then we must see a real farm, with gates, fences, fields, hills, and cows, — and evening, with the sun going down.

Now, let us start our boy after the cows. Read the first stanza slowly, seeing everything that is told in the stanza, and hearing the boy calling, "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!" "Bossy" is a pet name for any cow, and "co'" means *come*. So he is calling, "Come, bossy! Come, bossy! come! come!" Some boy in the class who has called the cows can give the call and let you hear how it sounds.

You must actually see the boy, stick in hand, as he goes up over the hill giving his call, just as you would see him on a moving picture screen. Now listen to his call. Now see the cattle as they raise their heads and start home and then stop to get a few more bites of sweet green grass.

There are seven pictures in the first stanza. See and name each one. Hear the katydid. See one after the other, the mink, the swallows, and the crows.

There are four "reels" in this moving picture. Name them. Then take up each one, seeing every little picture of each "reel."

Try reading stanza 4 in this way: —

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To supper at last the farmer goes. — (See this.)
(Then see the family in the " sitting room " after supper.)
The apples are pared, — (See this.)
The paper read, — (See and hear this.)
The stories told, — (Hear them.)
Then all to bed. — (See this.)
Without — (Outside the house.)
The crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long. — (Hear this.)
The heavy dews are falling. — (See the trees, fences, plants, and grass covered with dew.)

Read slowly, not hurrying at all, and your reading will be like taking a trip to the old farm where Mr. Trowbridge spent his boyhood, for, of course, the boy was Mr. Trowbridge himself.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

trough (trôf): here probably a hollowed-out log to hold water for the cattle.
frolicsome: playful.
new milch heifer (hĕf'ẽr): a young cow just beginning to give milk.
tranquil eye: a calm, quiet, peaceful eye.
drowsily: sleepily; telling the family that it is time to go to bed.
" **So, boss, so!** ": spoken by one milking a cow and meaning, " Stand still, bossy! "

Evening at the Farm

1

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;

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In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

2

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

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3

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

4

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

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And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss! so!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does the title of this poem mean?
2. Tell what you know of its author.
3. Who, probably, was the "farm-boy" in the poem?
4. Can you *see* the boy going for the cows? Why does his shadow "lengthen"? Why does the stick that he carries look like "a giant staff in a giant hand"?
5. Tell what things the boy sees and hears. Can you now see and hear each one? Can you hear him call the cows and see them slowly coming? Try to do so now.
6. Name the pictures in stanza 2. Can *you* see each one? Can you hear the far away voice of the boy still calling the "strayed" cows?
7. Stanza 3. — Read the first three lines, then try to see the pictures. Do you not see that the poem is just a moving picture in *words?* Now try to see the cattle at the watering trough. Why is "the new milch heifer" "quick and shy"? Can you see the milkmaid trying to milk her? Have some pupil read the lines describing the milking of the old cow.
8. Stanza 4. — Read aloud this stanza, then describe in your own words what it tells. Imagine the boy dreaming of still calling the cows. Imagine the milkmaid, in her dreams, hearing the milk "drum" in the pail, and saying, "So, boss, so!"

John Townsend Trowbridge, the author of "Evening at the Farm," was born on a farm near Ogden, New York, in 1827. He became a very popular writer of stories for children. He spent most of his life at Boston. Mr. Trowbridge died in 1916.

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OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHE

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

This poem should be read in class on a day of " October's
blue weather."

Before you read it, shut your eyes, and try to recall "
in June," so that you may compare the two seasons. Try
a June sky, June flowers, and all the green things. Try t
the warmth of June. See the clouds.

Then read this poem silently, trying to see the pictures.
you are coming to school and going home from school on th
when you read this poem, try to see everything around y
what the sky looks like; how clear and blue the air is; the
flowers; the ripe nuts; the orchards and the piles of apples
vines on the old walls; the ripe seeds of weed, and tree
flower; the aftermath, or after-crop, of weeds among the stu
the low water in spring and brook; and people starting o
jaunts in the woods where the shrubbery has turned from
to red and gold.

Now read the poem again, then compare June and October

Make a list of the fine things that June brings and anoth
of October's gifts, and see which you like the better.

Before you read the poem, learn the meanings of the foll
words:

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vagrant: a wandering idler. | **haunts** (häntz): places

misers (mī′zẽrz): persons who have money and who live miserably in order to keep it.

aftermaths (ȧf′tẽr-măths): a new crop growing after the first crop of a season has been cut.

October's Bright Blue Weather

1

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

2

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

3

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

4

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

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OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

5

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

6

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

7

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

8

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

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1. What beautiful things of
2. Name and count in th

have you yourself noticed?

4. Why is the bumblebee called a "thriftless vagrant"?
5. What is meant by "lonely wayside things" in stanza 5?
6. What are the "aftermaths" that follow the crops? What have you seen in fields after grain and corn have been cut? What may the word mean more than weeds?
7. Why do "springs run low" in October?
8. In stanza 6, does it mean that the golden leaves sink in the brook or on the ground in the woods?
9. Tell which season, June or October, you like the better. Tell why.

Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of "October's Bright Blue Weather," was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1831. Her name as a girl was Helen Fiske. At twenty-one, she married Captain Edward Hunt, but it was only after the death of her husband and her only child that she did much writing. In 1875 she married Mr. William S. Jackson. So she is known as Helen Hunt Jackson, but she signed her poems and stories with the initials "H. H." Mrs. Jackson died at San Francisco in 1885.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

October weaves
Rainbows of the forest leaves.

LUCY LARCOM

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A DOG OF FLANDERS

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

All boys and girls love a good dog. Indeed, all good people love good dogs. A man who hates dogs is hardly to be trusted. There is something the matter with him, for who can help but love a dear old dog who loves his master so greatly that he would gladly die for him. The boy who has not owned a dog has missed one of the greatest happinesses of a boy's life.

Many great men have said that the dog is man's best friend; that he is the friend who never fails at any time. And many a noble dog, whose master has died, has starved himself to death on his master's grave, refusing all food and all attempts of others to comfort and console him.

This beautiful story of Patrasche (pȧ-trăsh′) is a story of a dog that you cannot help loving; yes, loving him so that you will wish he were alive and your own dog.

Flanders is part of the country called Belgium. The people are called "Flemish." They use many dogs to pull carts and to carry burdens, and dogs are much loved and appreciated in Belgium. In the Great World War, thousands of poor wounded soldiers who had been left out on the battle-fields owed their lives to the intelligence and the faithfulness of these noble dogs of Flanders.

Now read the story of little Nello and his noble dog, Patrasche, "A Dog of Flanders."

But first, read over the meanings of these words, lest you miss some of the story:

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orphaned (ôr′fănd): without living father or mother.
destitute: so poor as to have no food or hardly anything else.
a league (lēg): the Flanders league was 3.9 miles.
landmark: a fixed object that can be seen from a distance.
Napoleon: A French emperor who conquered Flanders.
scarlet: a very bright red color.
Jehan Daas (yā′hän dä′äs): Nello's old grandfather.
wand of wealth: the small stick that a magician waves to call spirits or other things to him; here, Patrasche's power to earn money for his master.
sire to son: father to son.
heritage: something that one inherits or that is left to him by relatives who have died.
agony: the very greatest suffering.
pharmacy (făr′mȧ-sĭ): a place where drugs and medicines are sold; a drug store. Here the word means the cruel master's store of punishments.
Louvain (lo͞o-văN′): a town in Flanders.

A Dog of Flanders

Part I

Nello and Patrasche were left all alone in the world. They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days. Both of them were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village — a Flemish village a league from Antwerp. This little village was set amidst flat breadths of pasture

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and corn-lands, with long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal which ran through it. It had about a score of houses and homesteads, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and roofs rose-red or black and white, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the center of the village stood a windmill, placed on a little moss-grown slope. This windmill was a landmark to all the level country round. It had once been painted scarlet, sails and all, but that had been half a century or more earlier, when it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon. But it was now a ruddy brown, tanned by wind and weather. It went queerly by fits and starts, as though rheumatic and stiff in the joints from age, but it served the whole neighborhood.

Almost from their birth, Nello and Patrasche had dwelt together in the little hut on the edge of the village. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man — of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty years, his daughter had died and had left him her two-year-old son. The old man could barely contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden, and it soon became welcome and very

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precious to him. Little Nello and the old man lived in the little hut contentedly.

It was a very humble little mud-hut indeed, but it was clean and white as a seashell, and stood in a small garden that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were very poor, terribly poor, — many a day they had nothing at all to eat. They never by any chance had enough; to have had enough to eat would have been to have reached paradise at once. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful creature. They were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more of earth or heaven; except that Patrasche should be always with them.

For Patrasche was their store of gold and wand of wealth; their bread-winner and their only friend and comforter. Patrasche was body, brains, hands, head, and feet to both of them; for Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child, and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century.

Patrasche had been born to no other heritage than that of pain and of toil. He had been fed on curses and baptized with blows. Before he was fully grown,

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he had known the bitterness of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month, he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who wandered over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. He had bought him for a small price, because he was so young.

His purchaser was a drunkard and a brute, who heaped his cart full of pots and pans, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, while he himself loitered idly by the side in fat and lazy ease.

Happily for Patrasche, or unhappily, he was very strong. He came of an iron race, long born and bred to such cruel toil; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, and the curses. One day, after two years of this deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Rubens. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy and piled high with goods in metal and in earthen ware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip. The man had paused to drink at every wayside house, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a drink from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse for him, not having tasted water

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for nearly twelve hours, Patrasche staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy — kicks and oaths and blows with a club of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, offered him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with curses, and deeming life gone out of him, or so nearly gone that he was forever useless, his master kicked his body heavily aside into the grass. Groaning and muttering in savage wrath, the hardware dealer then pushed the cart lazily along the road, and left the dying dog there for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick.

It was the last day before the Fair at Louvain, and the dealer was in haste to reach the Fair and get a good place for his truck of brass wares. He was in fierce wrath because he himself had now the hard task of pushing his cart all the way to Louvain. But to stay to look after Patrasche never entered his thoughts: the dog was dying and useless, and he would steal, to replace him, the first large dog that he found wandering alone out of sight of its master. Patrasche had cost him nothing, or next to nothing, and for two long,

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cruel years he had made him toil ceaselessly in his service from sunrise to sunset, through summer and winter, in fair weather and foul.

He left the dog to draw his last breath alone in the ditch. A dying dog, a dog of the cart — why should he waste hours over its agonies at peril of losing a handful of copper coins, at peril of a shout of laughter?

Patrasche lay there in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of persons on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to Louvain. Some saw him, but most did not even look; all passed on. A dead dog more or less — it was nothing there: it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this story. See page 74.
2. Where did Nello and Patrasche live? Tell where the place is located.
3. Describe the village and the country where they lived.
4. Describe their home.
5. Tell about Nello's grandfather.
6. Describe Nello and Patrasche.
7. Tell how poor Old Jehan and Nello were and how they made a living.
8. Describe the life of poor Patrasche under his first master. Tell how he was beaten and left to die.

PART II

Read over carefully the meanings of these words:

marguerites (mär'gē-rēts): daisies.

sufficient: enough.

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After a time, among the holiday-makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust among the pleasure-seekers. He looked at Patrasche, and then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little, rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan Daas drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was but a stone's throw off amidst the fields. He there tended him with so much care that the sickness which had been brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away, and health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, and near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice, and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness these two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had

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a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived. And when he first was well enough to bay, — a hollow, broken bay, — they laughed aloud and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure recovery; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck with chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche was himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle, away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him this employment a little out of charity, but more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier and stay at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

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Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go that day when he got well enough and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do, his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread that he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But finding they did not harness him, Patrasche tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At last Jehan Daas gave way. He fixed his cart so that Patrasche could draw it; and after that Patrasche drew the cart.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch that day. He was very old, and he grew feebler with each year, and he would hardly have known how to pull his load of milk cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended.

As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to draw, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing but amusement to him to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass

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NELLO AND PATRASCHE

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cans, by the side of the gentle old man, who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four o'clock in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would — to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with little Nello, or to play with other dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas became so crippled with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, who was now six years of age, took his grandfather's place beside the cart, and sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

Little Nello was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat. Many an artist sketched the group as it went by — the green cart with the bright brass cans, and the great massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him, with his little feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the little fair children of Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that old Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to start out, but could sit in the doorway in the

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sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return. And on their return, Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down together to sleep peacefully, while the old man said a prayer.

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent, and healthful. Patrasche did his duty each day, and the eyes that he loved smiled down on him. It was sufficient for Patrasche.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell how old Jehan and Nello found Patrasche and nursed him back to life and health.
2. Tell how he loved them for it.
3. How did Patrasche repay them for this love and kindness?
4. Describe Nello and Patrasche on their way to and from town as they delivered the milk.
5. Tell of the evening after their return.
6. Do you think that old Jehan, Nello, and Patrasche were happy, though they were so poor? Why?
7. Do you think a really good person can hate good dogs?
8. Have you a dog of your own? Do you love him?

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Louise de la Ramée (dē lä rȧ-mā′), the author of "A Dog of Flanders," was an English novelist, born in 1840. She is known as "Ouida" (wē′dȧ), the childish pronunciation given to her first name, Louise, by a small relative. Ouida wrote many popular novels and several delightful stories for children, among them being "Moufflou" and "The Nürnberg Stove." Ouida died in 1908.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow on others returns to bless yourself.

A Morning Prayer

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Robert Louis Stevenson

To have done whatever had to be done;
To have turned the face of your soul to the sun;
To have made life better and brighter for one:
This is to have lived.

Clifford Harrison

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NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY

To *read* this poem, you must try to *see* what Alice Cary is describing.

It is November, the month when all things of summer seem to have died. The leaves are falling and rustling down and the cold winds blow them along the ground. Most of the birds have gone south. It seems a very dismal time indeed.

Try to *see* all these things, the very things that you yourself have seen in November.

But Miss Cary is telling us that all of the beautiful things of summer are not dead and that November *is really the promise of spring*. She is trying to tell us how foolish and weak it is to be sad because the sky is dark, or the rain is falling, or the ground is covered with snow, for all these things are very necessary. There must be dark skies to make snow and rain, and if there were no rain, there would be no trees or flowers or even grain to make our bread. If there were no snow in the north countries, no wheat could grow, for the snow is the white blanket that keeps the tender young wheat from freezing.

So Miss Cary means for us to learn from all this the lesson that if we are sad, like old November, we must look ahead and think about a better time that is sure to come.

As you go home from school this November day, try to think that the chill wind, or the rain, or the snow, are at their own work of making another joyous spring for you.

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November

1

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

2

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

3

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

4

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

5

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,

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But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

6

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

7

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses,
Are kept alive in the snow.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What different uses has the snow in winter?
2. How does the snow that falls in the mountains help man to live? Think hard about this. Suppose all this snow fell as rain and ran right away to the sea, what would become of the streams and rivers in summer?
3. Where does the swallow build his nest?
4. What do lines 5 and 6, p. 77, mean? Where does Miss Cary suggest that they may come to us sometime?
5. How can a dear joy lose its beautiful summer glow?
6. How does the snow help to keep the roots alive?
7. Tell whether you *try* to be happy on dismal cold days, or whether you just let yourself be miserable.
8. Do you know any one who seems to like to be unhappy and who always finds misery in everything around? Describe him or her. Tell whether it pays to be so.

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Alice Cary, the author of "November," was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820. She and her sister, Phœbe Cary, began writing poems when they were but young girls. In 1852, the sisters went to New York City to make their living by writing. They achieved a great success, and their home soon became a center of literary life. Alice Cary died in New York in 1871.

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No—vember!

THOMAS HOOD

There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

HAMLIN GARLAND

When Hamlin Garland, the author of this brave little poem, was a small boy, he lived on a farm in Wisconsin. He had to do " chores," such as feeding the cattle mornings and evenings when the weather was twenty degrees below zero. By having such work to do, he learned to face the wind and the rain and the cold without *crying*.

The next very cold morning, watch the boys coming to school. You will see many of them screwing up their faces because they are cold. But look at that boy coming yonder! See the swing of his shoulders! The cold rain or the bitter wind may be cutting his face, but his face, though red, is calmly bared to rain and wind. He walks right into it, with head up, just as if there were no cold wind or rain at all! What a fine brave lad he is! He will make a real man, for he is no cringing coward. He does not " fear the force of the wind," or " the slash of the rain." He is too proud to cringe. He is the boy who will be first " over the top " in every battle and every game in life.

Do *you* " fear the force of the wind "? Do *you* walk with head bravely up and uncringing right into the face of a biting wind, just thinking that you are saying to it, " Old wind, you can't make me cringe "?

If you do, " You'll walk like a *man*."

Try to see all the poem tells about.

Learn the meanings of the following words before studying the poem:

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The slash of the rain: the cutting blows of swiftly falling raindrops.

Be savage again: be like a "savage" or uncivilized man, facing a storm without flinching; live out of doors.

the crane: a tall, long-legged, long-necked water bird.

swarthy (swôr'thĭ): dark-skinned, tanned.

Do You Fear the Wind?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan;
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever done "chores" on a farm on a very cold morning? Have you ever faced a bitterly cold wind? What did you do? Were you ashamed to cringe, and did you walk with head up like a brave boy? Did you whimper? Or did something inside of you say: "I *won't* whimper like a coward. I'll just face you, old Wind"?
2. Have you ever gone cold and hungry, and not complained? Or did you whimper and complain? A boy once wrote Theodore Roosevelt asking for

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a good motto for his life. Mr. Roosevelt sent him this: "*Don't Squeal!*"

3. Are you a "squealer," or do you "walk like a man"?
4. Let each one of the class tell an experience in which he did or did not "walk like a man."
5. What is meant by the following: "The slash of the rain"; "Be savage again"; "you'll walk like a man"?

Hamlin Garland, the author of "Do You Fear the Wind?" was born on a farm in Wisconsin in 1860. He has written many fine stories of life in the North Central states.

True Courage

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell

Not a star
Shone, not a sound was heard; the very winds,
Danger's grim playmates, slept.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

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ROBINSON CRUSOE MAKES A HOME

DANIEL DEFOE

The story of "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" was first published about two hundred years ago. No book ever written in the English language has been more widely read or enjoyed. It has been translated into almost every foreign language. It is a book especially delightful for the young.

The story of Robinson Crusoe is based on an actual happening. In 1704, an English sailor named Alexander Selkirk was left by the captain of his ship on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili in the Pacific Ocean. He was rescued after four lonely years on the island, and brought to England. His story attracted much attention, and Defoe created out of it his famous story.

In the following selection from "Robinson Crusoe," you will read that part of the story which tells how Crusoe established himself on an island after his shipwreck. The part of the story preceding this selection tells how Crusoe's ship was wrecked in the Caribbean Sea. Crusoe and ten of the sailors of the ship got into a boat, but a great wave overturned the boat and all its occupants were drowned except Crusoe, who was washed up alive on the shore of an uninhabited island. The wrecked ship also came ashore, and poor Crusoe secured from it all the useful things that he could save. This selection tells of Crusoe's efforts to get everything of use out of the wreck of the ship and of his first attempts to make a home for himself. The story is told in such a

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manner that you cannot help seeing as plainly as if you had with Crusoe, all that happened.

Before reading the story, learn the meanings of the foll words:

fowling piece: a light gun used for shooting birds.
unwieldy (ŭn-wēl′dĭ): heavy, awkward, hard to handle.
composed: calm and unexcited.
unconcerned: not afraid; not particularly interested in what is happening.
barricaded (băr-ĭ-kād′ĕd): built a protecting wall of boxes and boards around his sleeping place.
cable: a very large, thick rope used on ships.
plundered: taken away al ful or valuable things.
hawser (hô′zĕr): a large for towing another ship fastening a ship to a do
cove: a small bay or exte of water into the land.
rummaged (rŭm′ăjd): sea thoroughly by looking every corner.
drug: here, a useless thin
fain: glad, inclined.

Robinson Crusoe Makes a Home

My next work was to view the country, and se proper place in which to live, and where to stow goods to secure them from whatever might hap Where I was I knew not; whether on the main or on an island, whether inhabited or not inhab whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There w hill not over a mile from me, which rose up very s and high, and which seemed to overtop some other

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covery up to the top of that hill. After I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw that I was on an island surrounded with the sea. There was no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds, neither when I killed them could I tell what was fit for food and what was not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood, — I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose a great number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was not fit for food.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me the rest of that day. What to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed did I know where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though,

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as I afterwards found, there was really no need for these fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw no way to supply myself except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the bird.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land, and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. As I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft. But this appeared very difficult; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down.

I got on board the ship, as before, and prepared a second raft. Having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me. In the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron

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bars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead. This last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare foretopsail, hammock, and some bedding. With this I loaded my second raft, and brought all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I had some fears during my absence from the land, that, at least, my provisions might be devoured on shore. But, when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away. I tossed her a bit of biscuit; though, by the way, I was not very free with it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled it, ate it, and looked for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more, so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels (for they were too heavy, being large casks), I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and

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some poles which I cut for that purpose. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil, either with rain or sun, and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without. Spreading one of the beds on the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, being very weary; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest supply of all kinds, now, that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man, but I was not satisfied still; for, while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other. The third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as, also, all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, with which to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails, first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could; for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still, was that, last

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of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with, I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three small casks of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given up expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage. Having plundered the ship of what could be carried, I began with the cables. Cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron-work I could get; and having cut down two of the sails, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so hard to handle and so overladen, that after I had entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overturned, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but, as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron,

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though with infinite labor; for I was compelled to dive for it into the water — a work which tired me very much. After this, I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could be well supposed capable to bring; though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. But, preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and, though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks. In another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground. One of these knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee. Remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft. But, while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew

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a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me, that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I got home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory thought; namely, that I had lost no time, nor ceased working, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me; and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages (if any should appear) or wild beasts, if any were in the island. I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make; whether I should make a cave in

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the earth or a tent upon the earth. I resolved upon both, of the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what famous story is this selection taken? When was it first published? Tell how widely the story has been read.
2. Tell what you know of its author.
3. Tell the part of the story which precedes this selection.
4. At the time this selection begins, what did Robinson Crusoe first need to do?
5. On what kind of place had he landed? Describe it.
6. What did he see on his journey to the hilltop? Did what he saw promise that it was a good place in which to live? Why not?
7. Tell how he prepared for the night.
8. Why was it very necessary to get the remaining things off the ship without delay?
9. Name the things which he brought ashore on this day. Tell how and why you think they would be useful.
10. Relate the incident of the cat.
11. How did Crusoe protect the supplies which he had secured from the wreck?
12. Tell what other things he saved from the wreck as the days went on. Tell how each thing would prove useful.

PART II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

tarpaulin (tär-pô'lĭn): a piece of canvas made waterproof by covering it with tar.

fortifying: here, protecting any place by piling up boxes, barrels, or other things around it.

fortnight (fôrt'nīt): two weeks.

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a dismal prospect: a very sad outlook for the future.
league (lēg): a distance of three miles.
Providence: the foreseeing power of God, or God himself.
reprove (rĕ-prōōv′): to blame for having done wrong.
desolate (dĕs′ō-lāt): forsaken, wretched, lonely.

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low swampy ground near the sea, and I believed would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me. Health and fresh water, I just now mentioned; shelter from the heat of the sun; security from dangerous creatures, whether man or beast; a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my rescue, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not over a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door. At the end it descended

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irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the sea-side. It was on the north-northwest side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter, from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending.

In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm, like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand over six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post.

This fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top. When I was in, I lifted the ladder over after me. So I was completely fenced in and protected, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise, I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterward, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I feared danger from.

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Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above. I made a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains, that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double; namely, one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions and everything that would spoil by the wet. Having thus inclosed all my goods, I closed up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half. Thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labor, and many days, before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for setting up my tent and making

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the cave, that, a storm of rain falling from a thick, dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning, as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself! "O my powder!" My very heart sunk within me, when I thought that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed; on which, not only my defense, but my food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was not nearly so anxious about my own danger; though, if the powder had taken fire, I would never have known what had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over I laid aside all my works, my building, and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder, and keep a little in each parcel, in hope that whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once; and to keep it so apart, that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight; and I think my powder, which in all was about two hundred and forty pounds' weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that, so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen. The rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

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In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once, at least, every day with my gun, as well to divert myself, as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and, as near as I could, to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me, namely, that they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the most difficult thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for, after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them; I observed, if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but, if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me. From this I concluded that, by the position of their eyes, their sight was so directed downward, that they did not readily see objects that were above them. So afterwards I took this method: I always climbed the rocks first, to get above them, and then I had frequently a fair mark.

Having now fixed my home, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn. What I did for that, as, also, how I enlarged my cave, and what useful things I made, I shall give a full account of in its place; but I must first give some little account of myself, and of my thoughts about

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living, which, it may well be supposed, were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition; for, as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm quite out of the course of our intended voyage, and a great way, some hundreds of leagues, out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven, that, in this desolate place and in this desolate manner, I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections, and sometimes I would reason with myself, why Providence should thus completely ruin his creatures, and render them so absolutely miserable, so without help, abandoned, so entirely without hope, that it could hardly be rational to be thankful for such a life.

But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts and reprove me. One day, walking with my gun in my hand by the seaside, I was very sad and thoughtful upon the subject of my present condition, when reason, as it were, argued with me the other way, thus: "Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true; but pray remember, where are the rest of you? Did not you come eleven of you into the boat? Where are the ten? Why were they not saved and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here or there?" and then I pointed to the sea. "All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them."

Then it occurred to me again how well I was furnished

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with necessities, and what would have been my case if the ship had not floated from the place where she first struck, so near the shore that I had time to get all these things out of her? What would have been my case if I had been obliged to live in the condition in which I first came on shore, without necessaries of life, or necessaries to supply and procure them? "Particularly," said I aloud (though to myself), "what should I have done without a gun, without ammunition, without any tools to make anything, or to work with; without clothes, bedding, a tent, or any manner of covering?" Now I had all these to a sufficient quantity, and was in a fair way to provide myself in such a manner, as to live without my gun when my ammunition was spent, so that I had a fair hope of subsisting without any want, as long as I lived. For I considered from the beginning how I should provide for the accidents that might happen, and for the time that was to come, even not only after my ammunition should be spent, but even after my health or strength should be gone.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was his first location of a camp not a good one?
2. What things would a good location require?
3. Describe the location on which he decided. Do you think it a good one? Why?
4. Describe the inclosure in front of his cave. How big was it?
5. Describe the fence around this inclosure. Can you explain how the fence was made?
6. How was he able to get into the inclosure?

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7. How did he now store his precious goods?
8. In what did he sleep?
9. Tell how he enlarged his cave.
10. When the storm came on, what possible thing did he fear?
11. Name over again the valuable things he had, and, putting yourself in his place, tell how they would be useful to you in such a situation.
12. What animals did he find that proved useful?
13. Tell of the overturning of his raft and how he saved the goods from the water.
14. Why was the money that he found of no use? What did he say to himself about it?
15. Tell what he now most needed.
16. Why was his situation "a dismal prospect"?
17. Relate his sad thoughts as he considered his situation. Then tell why he felt that he should be thankful.
18. Have you ever read the entire story?

Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was born at London probably in 1661. He was the son of a butcher. He failed in a number of occupations, but his fame as an author is not likely to die. He wrote almost two hundred and fifty books, but all of them except "Robinson Crusoe" are practically forgotten. Defoe died in 1731. His last years were spent in poverty and concealment to escape those to whom he owed money.

Hope ever urges on, and tells us to-morrow will be better.

TIBULLUS

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

ALEXANDER POPE

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THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

In studying this poem, try to imagine a fishing village on the coast of England.

Now try to see the wharf at the water's edge. There is a good-sized sailing boat, such as sea-fishermen use. In it are nets, barrels, and the other things that fishermen use in deep-sea fishing.

We see "three fishers," strong, tanned men, dressed as you have seen them in pictures of fishermen, going aboard the boat to go far out to sea to catch fish. These men and their families live by selling the fish they catch.

The men have said good-by to their wives and children and are sailing, —

"Away to the West as the sun went down."

The children stand on the wharf watching the boat sail away and the women go to the lighthouse to get the lamps ready to guide the men home.

Now try to see the storm that comes on. It is a "squall," as sailors call a fierce and sudden storm. Picture the worried faces of the women in the lighthouse tower, as they look out at the squall and the "night rack," or the broken, flying clouds.

But all this danger and worry is only a part of their daily lives,

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

This means that the men must work and undergo danger, and go out for fish even when the waves are moaning over the

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sandbar just outside the harbor, and that the women must worry over their danger, for there are many mouths to be fed.

And so the women watch in the lighthouse tower all night but the boat with the three fishers does not come in.

As to what happened, read the third stanza, and see its pictures, — the three dead fishers washed up on the shore, and the women weeping over them.

You see that Charles Kingsley meant to show us how hard is the life of a fisherman and his wife, and that these —

". . . men must work, and [their] women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

Before you read the poem, learn the meaning of these words:

harbor bar: a bank of sand, gravel, or earth outside a river mouth, making the water over it shallow and hard for ships to pass over. In storms, the waves, striking this bar, make a "moaning" sound.

corpses: the dead bodies of the "three fishers."

the sooner to sleep: the sooner the sleep of death will come.

THE THREE FISHERS

1

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

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2

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

3

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the picture shown in the first stanza, — the three fishers, their boat, the women, and the children.
2. Tell how these men make a living for themselves and their families.
3. Now try to see the boat go "sailing away to the West," and the children watching it. Read aloud the first stanza to tell this part of the story.
4. Describe the women in the lighthouse, and tell what they are doing.
5. Describe the coming of the

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"squall" and the going down of the boat as you imagine it.

6. What did the women find on the shore in the morning?
7. How did the lives of fishermen and their wives impress Charles Kingsley?

Charles Kingsley, the author of "The Three Fishers," was an English clergyman. He was born at Dartmoor, England, in 1819, and died at Eversley, England, in 1875. He wrote many fine poems and novels and many delightful stories for children.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

BOOKS

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book! — a message to us from the dead — from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.

JOHN RUSKIN

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THE TEMPEST

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

Picture to yourselves a big sailing ship in a great storm at sea. The sails have been taken from the tall mast to keep the fierce wind from tearing them to ribbons. The mighty waves lift the ship like a cork, then lower her down into the hollow between the towering waves. Then a great wave smashes against the ship, rolling tons of water over her decks.

In the cabin of the ship are crowded the frightened passengers. They expect the ship to sink. They hear the order through the captain's trumpet to "Cut away the mast!" They hear the mast fall like a great tree over the side of the ship and into the water.

Every one is praying. Suddenly the captain staggers into the cabin and shouts, "*We are lost!*"

Then his brave little daughter whispers to him, —

"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

The grown-up passengers are ashamed of their fears, and they all kiss the brave little girl for the new hope she has given them.

At last the ship rides out of the storm, and then, in the clear bright morning, it comes to harbor in safety.

Before reading the poem, learn the meanings of the following words:

tempest: a great storm.
the cabin: the large parlor or living room in a ship.
the deep: the ocean.

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To be shattered by the blast: to have the ship wrecked by the fierce winds.

to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut away the mast!": to hear the captain, through his trumpet, call to the sailors to cut down the tall mast to keep the ship from being blown over on its side.

the stoutest: the bravest.

the breakers (brāk'ẽrz): waves breaking into foam.

better cheer: greater hope of safety.

The Tempest

1

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

2

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "*Cut away the mast!*"

3

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

4

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy at his prayers,

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"*We are lost!*" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

5

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

6

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the scene of this incident. Can you imagine the tossing ship, the great smashing waves, the terrible wind, and the frightened people in the cabin?
2. Try to hear the captain's trumpet roar to the sailors to "cut away the mast." Try to see and hear the sailors as they cut down the tall mast. Try to see and hear the mast, as, like a tall tree, it crashes over the side of the ship, bringing down with it the sails and great ropes.
3. Read again what is told in stanza 3, and try to see and hear it. Describe it.
4. Read again stanza 4, and try to see and hear what it tells about. Describe it.
5. Describe the brave little girl as she asks her question.
6. Describe the scene as the passengers gather around the brave little girl and kiss her.

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7. Describe the battered ship as she "anchors safe in the harbor."

8. You have not *read* the poem, unless you have seen these things in your mind just as in a moving picture.

James Thomas Fields, the author of "The Tempest," was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1817. His father was a ship's captain, so Mr. Fields knew what a storm at sea is. He was the publisher of many famous books. He published the first edition of "Hiawatha." He died at Boston in 1881.

On the Death of Abraham Lincoln

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

Walt Whitman

See where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

William Cullen Bryant

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DISCONTENT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Read over this poem silently, seeing the picture and imagining the conversation between the buttercup and the robin. Then try to think whether there may not be some other meaning hidden in this poem. You will at once see that the poet does not mean to give us merely a conversation between a buttercup and a robin. Let us try to find the real hidden meaning.

Have you ever seen, let us say, some girl who can sing beautifully, and have you wished more than anything else in your secret heart to be able to sing as she could? If so, did you make yourself almost sick about it? Did you forget that there may be things that you could do much better than she?

Now if you had only forgotten your wish to sing, when you knew that you could never even hope to sing, and had just been satisfied and contented in doing beautifully the things that *you* could do, it is not at all impossible that the girl, who could sing so beautifully, might have had a secret grief because she could not do the things that you could do so well. Don't be as foolish as the buttercup that wanted to be a daisy.

The lesson of the poem is this: stop trying to do the things that you are not fitted to do, study yourself, and find out the things that you can do well. Then *do* them with all your might. You will find a strange happiness in this, and you will find others appreciating your fine spirit and desire to do your best.

That is, *find your own place* in the world. It would be a very foolish teakettle that would quit boiling water perfectly to weep because it was not a vase.

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This poem should help *you*. To-night after you go home, try to think, "What things am I fitted to do?" Then perfect yourself in these, and you will surely help the world — not to "go wrong" — but to go right.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

trig: trim and neat. | **passion**: a great desire for.

Discontent

1

Down in a field, one day in June,
  The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
  And drooped, that pleasant weather.

2

A robin who had flown too high,
  And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
  Who wished she were a daisy;

3

For daisies grew so trig and tall!
  She always had a passion

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4

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

5

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

6

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

7

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

8

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

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9

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the title of this poem? Explain what it means.
2. Why did the buttercup hide away from the other flowers? What did she wish to be?
3. What is "the frill" around a daisy's neck? Of what color is it?
4. Why did the buttercup wish to be a daisy?
5. Why did the robin call the buttercup a "silly thing"?
6. What color of the buttercup was prettier than that of the daisy? Why had she never noticed this?
7. What bird could beat the robin at flying? Why did this not worry the robin?
8. What is the real meaning of this poem? Who is the daisy? Who is the buttercup? And who may the robin be?
9. How may this poem be of benefit to you?

Sarah Orne Jewett, the author of "Discontent," is an American writer of short stories and poems. She was born in Maine in 1849.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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THE SINGING LESSON

JEAN INGELOW

We have now helped you to understand many poems. But sometime you must learn to read and understand and interpret poems for yourself. So we are going to let you try to find out for yourself what this poem means. Now let your teacher and your classmates see how well you have learned to read for yourself by showing that you, without any help whatever, can find out what the "moral" of this story is. Jean Ingelow, in the last line, says that you can find it for yourself.

First read the poem over just to see the pictures, and to understand about the nightingale and the dove. Then go over it again, trying to find out the "moral" or the lesson that concerns *you.*

Learn the meanings of the following words before trying to read the poem:

contemptible fowl: a bird to be despised.
proud little crest: proud little head.
sauntering: wandering or walking about idly or in a lazy manner.
straightway: at once, without delay.
divinely calm: calm as an evening in heaven.
snicker: to laugh foolishly and slyly, or "in one's sleeve."

The Singing Lesson

1

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;

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Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

2

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought that life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

3

"O Nightingale," cooed a dove —
"O Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

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4

A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best —
You need only to speak."

5

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

6

The nightingale did not care;
She sang only to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was it strange or to be wondered at that a *nightingale* "made a mistake" in her singing? Why did she feel so badly about it?

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2. What did the dove say to her? Why was a dove chosen to comfort her? Why not some other bird? Can you think of a jay's doing such a thing?
3. What did the nightingale do after the dove encouraged her?
4. What is a "psalm"? Why is the nightingale's song called a psalm?
5. What is the moral of this story? That is, what has it to do with you?
6. Tell whether a person can do his best if he is thinking at the same time about being praised for what he does. Then what do the first four lines of the last stanza mean in regard to human beings? The fifth and sixth lines?
7. When you are doing something really well, do you do as the nightingale did, "care and know but little about" those who are standing near watching you, or do you long for praise? Think this over.

Jean Ingelow, the author of "The Singing Lesson," was an English poet, born at Boston, England, in 1820. She died at London, England, in 1897.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moonrise wakes the nightingale.
Come, darkness, moonrise, everything
That is so silent, sweet, and pale:
Come, so you wake the nightingale.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer is lost.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

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THE BEST THAT I CAN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

It is a strange thing that everything except a human being does "the best that it can." The rain that makes the flowers and the crops for our food; the frost, without which the soil could never have been made; even the little leaf which decays after it falls, and thus makes the soil rich, — each does "the best that it can." Only human beings fail to do "the best that they can."

Plants grow "the best that they can." Have you ever seen a brave little tree growing on a rocky hillside where there is scarcely any soil to hide its roots? It does the very "best that it can" to grow. It sets a brave example to all of us.

Of course the unknown author of this poem means to ask you, "Are *you* doing the best that you can?"

Have *you* done the best that you could *to-day?*

chalice (chăl'ĭs): a cup; here, a cloud's power to contain moisture.

passing sweet: wonderfully sweet.

The Best that I Can

1

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;

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But I am a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

2

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

3

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head;
And it seemed to say, "Do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

4

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what, all strange things are —
She was only a child at school;
But she thought, "It is a part of God's great plan
That even I shall do all that I can."

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5

And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought was passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does "the best that I can" mean? Think this over carefully.
2. What could the star do? Compared with what other thing was its light small? Yet why was it important that the star should shine its best?
3. With what other kind of clouds is a *fleecy* cloud supposed to be compared? Do *fleecy* clouds hold much moisture?
4. Might a watch stop running if one tiny screw should be lost out of it? Then why is it important that even the small things do the "best that they can"?
5. What thought "kept winding in and out through a happy golden head"?
6. Try to think out what is "the best that *you* can do." Explain how you are going to try to do so.

SERVICE

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Boys may never think much about it, but the time is surely coming to almost every one of them when he must present himself to business men and ask for employment. He may take with him letters recommending him, and they will be of some value, for the record which one has left behind him counts for or against him always. But business men soon learn that almost any boy can bring strong letters of recommendation from friends and that too few boys carry with them their own recommendation.

But there is a thing which will count more either for or against him, and that is what the boy *actually is* as he appears before the shrewd eyes of the business man. If the boy has not tried to become careful in his habits, he cannot hide the fact. The business man will be sure to see it. If the boy has tried to develop in himself good habits, the business man will see that at once, and it will count in the boy's favor as nothing else will. The best recommendation that a boy can carry with him is *himself.*

The following selection will illustrate this fact. It will also show the kind of boy that is most in demand. And every boy should know that every day he is developing good habits which will recommend him some time, or bad habits which will be seen at once, and which will bring about failure after failure. Everything that we do tends to develop habits good or bad. If we slouch in our walk, it will soon become a habit. If we are not constantly polite, impoliteness will become a habit; and so on in all that we do. And if we are constantly watchful of what we do, trying

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always to act exactly right, we shall surely develop good habits that will recommend us without fail.

Now read the story of "The Boy Who Recommended Himself."

orderly: being careful that all the things about us are arranged in their proper places.

The Boy who Recommended Himself

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time chose one and sent all the others away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great number.

"He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite.

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the others stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful and orderly. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding the others aside; showing that he was modest.

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"When I talked with him, I noticed that his hair was neatly brushed, his clothes were carefully brushed, and his teeth were white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell you about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a "recommendation"?
2. How do applicants for positions usually seek to recommend themselves?
3. In what ways did this boy "recommend himself"?
4. How are we all the time preparing to carry, or not to carry, our own recommendations?
5. Explain how in all that you do, at all times, you are developing such habits and manners as will either recommend you when you have to apply to some keen-eyed business man for a position.
6. Explain how you will sometime need to carry with you, in your habits and manners, your own recommendation, just as this boy did.
7. Explain why you should be careful in all that you do to be developing such habits and manners as will recommend you when you have to apply to some keen-eyed business man for a position.
8. Tell whether your daily rec-

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THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

PHŒBE CARY

In Holland, there is an old story called " The Leak in the Dike," a beautiful story of a boy's bravery and faithfulness. Many parts of Holland, you know, are below the level of the sea. Great dikes or banks of earth shut out the sea. If the sea should break through one of these dikes, it would flood the fields and the towns and drown the people.

The brave boy in this story was the son of a sluice-keeper, that is, a man who attends the great gates through which water can be let into the canals that crisscross Holland.

The boy's mother had sent him to take some food to an old blind man; and while on this errand, Peter found the sea water trickling through a small hole in the dike. He knew at once that the water would soon wash out a great hole, then break the dike, and flood the land far and wide. He had no time to go for help. He must stop up the hole in some way and keep it stopped up. He saw no way but to push his hand into the hole, and keep it there till he could get help. And so he did this.

Then the brave little fellow waited for some one to come and help him. But no one came. All night long, the little hero lay on the side of the dike, his almost frozen hand stopping up the hole. Just try to imagine it, if you can.

In the morning, he was found, still at his post of duty. Those who found him pulled out the stiffened little hand and safely stopped the hole in the dike. But Peter was too weak to stand and they had to carry him home.

As you read the story, try to picture the brave little fellow as he lay on the sloping side of the dike through the long hours of the

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THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

Google

night. He knew that only his small, cold hand held back the water and kept it from drowning thousands of people. You see, he was not a " quitter." His story was told far and wide, and it is yet told in Holland as the people walk along where the hungry sea is still trying to break through the dikes.

As boys and girls read this fine story, they admire brave little Peter, the Dutch boy who was not a " quitter." But the story should make each one of us think whether there is not every day in our own lives some duty wherein we can be just as brave and faithful as little Dutch Peter. Keeping to a task till it is done is the kind of thing for which Peter was called a hero.

Remember as you read that this story would make a good moving picture and that you have not really *read* it until you have seen it all on " the screen of your mind."

Learn the meanings of the following words before you read the poem:

the good dame: the good woman, the mother.
conscience: the feeling within us that tells us whether what we do is right or wrong.
narrow bound: the narrow dike, or embankment which keeps out the sea.
mortal fear: fear of death.
succor (sŭk'ẽr): help.
perish: die.
reverent joy: joy that shows reverence, or high respect for some one who is good.
valiant hero (văl'yănt): brave hero.
turf: sod held together by the roots of grass and other small plants; it is often used for fuel.

The Leak in the Dike

1

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,

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And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

2

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread,
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

3

And Peter left the brother
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade,
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go

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In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

4

And now, with his face all glowing
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way,
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent,
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

5

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen

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And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

6

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe,
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

7

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,

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And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And stealing through the sand
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night,
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

8

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh,
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,

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But never an answer comes to him
  Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
  His feeble voice is lost,
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
  Though he perish at his post!

9

So, faintly calling and crying
  Till the sun is under the sea,
Crying and moaning till the stars
  Come out for company,
He thinks of his brother and sister
  Asleep in their safe warm bed,
He thinks of his father and mother,
  Of himself as dying — and dead,
And of how, when the night is over,
  They must come and find him at last,
But he never thinks he can leave the place
  Where duty holds him fast.

10

The good dame in the cottage
  Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
  Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
  As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black

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Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

11

"He is dead!" she cries; "My darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy,
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

12

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

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13

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradles
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of "The Leak in the Dike."
2. Tell how Peter's mother sent him on a kindly errand. You may answer by reading aloud division 1 if you wish. Do not just say the words, but *tell* it.
3. Tell what the mother did after sending Peter away. You may answer by reading aloud division 2. Be sure to tell it.
4. Describe Peter by reading aloud division 3. If you really *read* the division, you will make your classmates see and know Peter.
5. In division 3, what is meant by the lines, —

"Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm"?

6. Tell, by reading aloud division 4, how Peter visited the old man.
7. What lonesome place was made glad by Peter's prattle? (Division 4.)
8. Tell, by reading aloud division 5, how the mother grew anxious for Peter's return.
9. By reading aloud division 6, *tell* what Peter was doing on his way home.
10. Tell, by reading aloud division 7, how Peter found the leak in the dike, and how and why it frightened him.

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11. By reading aloud division 8, tell what the brave boy did to stop the leak. Try to see how real you can make the story.
12. Tell, by reading aloud division 9, how the little hero spent the night. You cannot *tell* it unless you can really imagine him as he lay there, his tired hand in the cold water all the long, long hours of the night.
13. Tell, by reading aloud division 10, how he was brought home. Can you see this?
14. *Tell* the story of division 11 by reading it aloud. Can you see and hear what happened?
15. Tell, by reading aloud divisions 12 and 13, how brave Peter's deed is remembered in Holland.
16. Have you been able to *see* this story as you see a moving picture? If not, you have not *read* it.

Phœbe Cary, the sister of Alice Cary, was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1824. Like her sister, she was a poet, and wrote many fine poems and stories. Phœbe Cary died in 1871, the same year in which her beloved sister Alice died.

Dare to Do Right

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

George L. Taylor

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WORK

MARY N. PRESCOTT

This poem is so easy to read that you will need little help. But there are a few words whose meanings you may need to learn. You would better learn them now so that you may not miss any meanings. Here they are:

hard by: near by.
fledglings: young birds just growing their feathers.
pelf: riches. Here, of course, it means the bee's riches, or honey.
shirk: to avoid one's work.
legend: an old story.
deferred (dē-fûrd'): put off.
demurred (dē-mûrd'): objected.

The hardest thing in the world to learn is that no one can be really happy without work, and that a piece of work put off from day to day and constantly hanging over our heads makes us more miserable than we should be if we forced ourselves to do it promptly and bravely.

In reading the poem, remember that it means *you*. Try to think whether you, like the wind, the rain, the robin, and the bee, have been doing your own work promptly, bravely, and well.

WORK

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I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

2

"Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?"
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent, and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

3

"Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?"
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

4

"Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?"
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose, —
A secret worth the knowing!"

5

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun, —
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

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6

"Wind and rain fulfilling His word!"
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred,
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What work does the wind do? What are the "cobwebs" in the sky?
2. What work does the rain do?
3. What duties do the robins do? Have you ever watched them do their work? Do they ever neglect it?
4. What is the bee's work? Does the bee ever "put off" his work?
5. Tell whether you have ever "put off" and whether you were not more miserable thinking about the "put-off task" than you would have been if you had bravely forced yourself to go at it and finish it and be *free*.

Mary Newmarch Prescott was born at Valais, Maine, August 2, 1849. She began to write prose and verse soon after leaving school. She wrote much for children, and many of her stories and poems have been widely copied. She died near Newbury, Massachusetts, June 14, 1888.

Work While You Work

Work while you work, play while you play;
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right.

Miss A. D. Stoddart

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WHO WROTE "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"?

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

This selection needs no explanation. Indeed it explains the selection which follows it. But you should learn the meanings and pronunciations of the following words before reading "Who Wrote 'The Arabian Nights'?"

manuscript: a book, poem or story, written by hand.

translated: changed the story from one language to another.

Aladdin (ȧ-lăd'ĭn): in "The Arabian Nights," the hero of the tale of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp."

Ali Baba (ä'lē bä'bä): the hero of the tale, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

Sultan (sŭl'tăn): the title of the ruler of Persia.

execution: putting to death.

postponed: put off.

artfully: skillfully.

abolished: put an end to, did away with.

edict (ē'dĭkt): a law or command issued by a ruler.

enchanting stories: stories so delightful as to make one forget everything else.

Genius (jē'nĭ-ŭs): the powerful fairy magician that lived in Aladdin's lamp. When the lamp was rubbed, the Genius would come out of the lamp in the form of a great demon ready to obey any order of his master.

Cracow (krā'kō): a large city in Poland. Near it are great salt mines.

industry: the habit of patient, hard work.

WHO WROTE "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"?

Who knows? You could never guess who wrote "The Arabian Nights," for nobody knows when those stories were first written. It seems very odd that a

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book should be made, and no one be able to tell when it was made. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of.

More than two hundred years ago, a learned Frenchman found an old manuscript written in the language of Arabia, and called "The Thousand and One Nights." He translated it into his own language, and the schoolboys throughout France all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and of Ali Baba.

But why the title of "The Thousand and One Nights"? I will tell you why. And in telling you why, I shall tell you a story; and this is the way it runs:—

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia who had many wives.

Well, this old Sultan found that his wives were deceitful, and he vowed that he would cut off all chance of their sinning by making an end of them. So it happened that whatever new wife he married one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think that the brides were foolish to marry him; but all the women of the East were slaves, and had to obey whatever orders the Sultan might make.

It happened that this old Sultan had a chief officer under him who carried out all his murderous orders, and who was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same officer had a beautiful and accomplished daughter who was even more horrified than her father; and she plotted how she might stop the bloody actions of the Sultan.

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She could not meet him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride. But if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sister and her father.

She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the wicked Sultan should command her to be his bride.

At last the marriage day came, and the officer was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the marriage he waited for the usual order for the execution of the innocent bride; but to his surprise the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride was most winning of speech, and a most charming story-teller. And on the day of her marriage she had commenced the telling of a most interesting story to her husband, and she had so artfully timed it, and measured out its length, that, when the hour came for the Sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting part.

The Sultan had been so delighted by her interesting story and was so eager to hear the rest of it that he put off the execution in order to hear the end of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the telling of the story, and so great was the art of the princess, that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of the Sultan, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, until her

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delightful stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these, you will find that they make a period of two years and nine months, during which time she had put off the order for her execution.

In the meantime she had so won her husband that he abolished his cruel edict forever, on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been told since in every language thousands and thousands of times, are the tales of "The Arabian Nights."

If this account is not all true, it is at least as true as the stories are.

But, after all, the question is not answered as to who wrote "The Arabian Nights." I doubt if it ever will be answered truly. Who cares, indeed? I know well I cared or thought nothing about the authorship in those old school days when I caught my first reading of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

What a night it was! What a feast! I think I could have kissed the hand that wrote it.

A little red leather-bound book it was, with gilt edges to the leaves, that I had borrowed from Tom Spooner; and Tom Spooner's aunt had lent it to him, and she thought all the world of it, and had covered it in brown paper, and I mustn't soil it, or dog's-ear it. And I sat down with it — how well I remember! — at a little square-legged red table, and read about the

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sulphurous clouds rolling up round the wonderful lamp, and the Genius coming forth in smoke and flames!

What delight! If I could only fall in with an old peddler with a rusty lamp, — such as Aladdin's, — wouldn't I rub it!

And with my elbows fast on the little red table, and my knees fast against the square legs, I thought what I would order the Genius to do, if I ever had a chance. A week's holiday to begin with; Saturday afternoons should come twice a week — at the very least; turkey with stuffing every day except oyster day. I would have a sled, brought by the Genius, that would beat Ben Brace's "Reindeer" he bragged so much about, — by two rods at least. I would have a cavern, like the salt mines in Cracow, Poland, as pictured in my geography; only, instead of salt, it should be all rock-candy; and I would let in clever fellows and pretty girls, and the homely ones, too — well, as often as every Wednesday.

Ah, well-a-day! we never come to the ownership of such caverns! We never find a peddler with the sort of lamp that will bring any sort of riches — with wishing.

But, there is a Genius that will come to any boy's command, and will work out amazing things for him all through boyhood and all through life; and his name is — Industry.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of "Who Wrote the 'Arabian Nights'?"
2. How did these famous stories first become known to Europe and America?
3. How did the Sultan treat a new wife?
4. How did the daughter of his chief officer plan to save her life after she married the Sultan?
5. How did she carry out her plan?
6. How well did her plan succeed?
7. What group of famous stories is supposed to have originated thus?
8. Why are they called "The Thousand and One Nights"?
9. How long did it take to tell all the stories?
10. Tell how Mr. Mitchell got the stories?
11. How did he enjoy them?
12. What did he think he would do if he had Aladdin's lamp?
13. Why may wishing for Aladdin's lamp be foolish?
14. What "Genius" alone can now take the place of "Aladdin's lamp"? What do you mean by your answer?

Donald Grant Mitchell, the author of "Who Wrote 'The Arabian Nights'?" was an American novelist. He was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1822. His books, which he wrote under the pen name of "Ik Marvel," are still read and enjoyed. He died in 1908.

'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbèd is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen.

JOHN KEATS

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ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

FROM "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

In the preceding selection, you have learned how the stories called "The Arabian Nights" are supposed to have been told. "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp" is one of those delightful tales. It needs no explanation, for you will read it easily and with such enjoyment that you surely will want to read the rest of the stories in "The Arabian Nights."

But before you read this story, you should learn the meanings and pronunciations of the following words, lest you should miss some of the tale:

Mustapha (mo͝os'tä-fä): Aladdin's father.

provisions: different kinds of foods.

magician (mȧ-jĭsh'ăn): a person who, by the aid of magic, is supposed to perform wonders, or do wonderful things impossible to ordinary persons.

transported with joy: carried away with joy; made very happy.

monarch (mŏn'ȧrk): a king, or ruler of a country.

magical words — mysterious words: magic words used by a magician.

terrace (tĕr'ȧs): a raised level space in a garden or yard.

niche (nĭch): a recess or hollowed-out place in a wall.

liquor (lĭk'ẽr): the liquid in Aladdin's lamp.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART I

In one of the large cities of China, there once lived a boy named Aladdin. He was the son of a poor tailor,

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who could hardly, by his daily labor, maintain himself and his family, which consisted only of his wife and son.

Aladdin was a very careless and idle boy. He was disobedient to his father and mother, and would go out early in the morning and stay out all day playing in the streets and public places with idle children of his own age.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use the needle; but all his father's endeavors to keep him to his work were vain, for no sooner was his back turned, than the boy was gone for the day. When Aladdin was about fifteen years old, his father, Mustapha, died, leaving him in the care of his mother. But he still continued his foolish ways, and his mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and him.

One day while Aladdin was playing in the street, a strange-looking man who was going by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous African magician, who had arrived from Africa only a few days before. The magician, observing in Aladdin's countenance something which assured him that he was a fit boy for his purpose, artfully inquired his name and character of some persons standing near. And when he had learned all he desired to know, he went in among the crowd of lads, clapped his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, and said, "My good lad, art thou not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

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"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father has been dead a long time."

The African magician then threw his arms about Aladdin's neck and kissed him, saying, with tears in his eyes, "I am your uncle. Your worthy father was my own brother. You are so like my dear brother that I knew you at first sight." Then he gave Aladdin a handful of money, and said, "Give my love to your mother, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived and died."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "I have just seen a man who says that he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him that my father was dead; he gave me some money, and sent his love to you, and promised to come and pay you a visit, that he might see the house my father lived and died in."

"Indeed, my child," replied his mother, "your father had no brother, and so you have no uncle."

The next day the magician found Aladdin playing in the streets again; and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand and said to him: "Carry this to your mother. Tell her to get us something good for supper, and that I will come to see you to-night; but you must first show me where you live."

Aladdin showed the African magician the house, and carried the two pieces of gold to his mother. His mother went out and bought provisions, and then

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spent nearly the whole day in preparing the supper. And just as they had begun to fear that he might not find the house, the African magician knocked at the door and came in, bringing wine and fruits of every sort. After a few words of greeting to them both, he asked them to show him the sofa on which his brother, Mustapha, used to sit; and when they had done so, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother! how unhappy I am not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace!"

As soon as they had sat down to supper, the magician said to Aladdin's mother: "My good sister, do not be surprised at your never having seen me during all the time that you were married to my brother, Mustapha. I have been out of this country for more than forty years, and during that time I traveled to see the wonders of distant countries, and finally made my home in Africa." Then turning toward Aladdin, he said, "Well, Aladdin, what business do you follow?"

At this question Aladdin hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother said, "Aladdin is an idle boy; his father tried to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, in spite of all that I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good."

With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said, "This is not well, Nephew; you must think of helping yourself

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and getting your livelihood, and I will help you as far as I can. There are many different trades; perhaps you do not like your father's, and would prefer another; I will endeavor to help you. If you do not wish to learn any trade, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens; and then with the money you make you can buy more goods, and live in an honorable way. Tell me frankly what you think of my proposal; you shall always find me ready to keep my word."

This plan just suited Aladdin, who hated work. He thought that there was very little labor in keeping a shop, and so he told his uncle that this would suit him better than anything else.

"Well, then," said the magician, "I will take you with me to-morrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother no longer doubted that the magician was her husband's brother. She thanked him very heartily, and begged Aladdin to render himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Soon after supper the magician took his leave. But he came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Aladdin with him to a merchant, who sold all sorts of clothing for different ages and ranks, and a variety of fine stuffs; the magician then told Aladdin to choose the suits which he preferred.

When Aladdin found himself so handsomely clothed,

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he thanked his uncle, who thus addressed him: "As you are soon to be a merchant, it is proper you should visit some of the shops and become acquainted with them." He then showed him some of the largest and finest of them, and gave him a merry feast in the evening. When he brought Aladdin home to his mother at night, and she saw him so well dressed, she was transported with joy, and showered a thousand blessings upon the magician.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so impatient was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw him coming, and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly: "Come, my good boy," he said with a smile; "we will spend the day in the country, but to-morrow we will purchase the shop." So away they walked through the gardens and palaces outside one of the gates of the city. Each palace seemed more beautiful than the last, and Aladdin did nothing but exclaim at their beauty; and so his uncle, by degrees, led him on farther and farther into the country. They had gone very far before Aladdin thought the morning even half gone.

They rested by a fountain to eat the cakes and fruit which they had brought with them. Then they went on again, still farther into the country, till they reached a place between two mountains of equal size, where the work was to be done that had brought the magician from Africa to China.

"We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin.

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"I will show you here some strange things which no one but you has ever seen. I am now going to strike a light, and in the meantime, you gather up all the loose dry sticks you can find, to kindle a fire with."

Aladdin found so many dry sticks that he soon collected a great heap. The magician then set them on fire; and when they were in a blaze, he threw in some magic powder, and spoke several magical words, which Aladdin did not understand.

A dense smoke rose up while the magician was speaking the mysterious words. At the same instant, the earth opened just before the magician, and they both saw a stone in which was fixed a brass ring. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician held him. "Do not be afraid, Aladdin," said the magician. "I shall ask nothing but for you to obey me promptly, if you would have the good things I intend for you. Under this stone there is a treasure that will make you richer than the greatest monarch on earth. No one but yourself may lift this stone or enter the cave; so you must do instantly whatever I command, for this is a matter of great importance to both of us."

"Well, Uncle, what is to be done?" said Aladdin, losing his fear. "Command me; I am ready to obey you."

"Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone."

"Indeed, Uncle, I am not strong enough; you must help me."

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"No," said the magician; "if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing. Take hold of the ring and lift it up; you will find that it will come easily." Aladdin obeyed, and to his great surprise raised the stone with ease, and lifted it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up there appeared a staircase, about four feet deep, leading to a door. "Descend those steps and open that door," said the magician. "It will lead you into a palace divided into three great halls. In each of these halls you will see large bronze vases full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it; and above all things, do not touch the walls, even with your clothes. If you do, you will die instantly.

"At the end of the third hall you will find a door opening into a garden planted with trees loaded with fine fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in the niche you will see a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the liquor, put the lamp in your waistband, and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as the liquor is thrown out."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where are the incidents in "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp" supposed to have happened?

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2. What kind of boy was Aladdin?
3. Tell the story of his meeting with the magician. What is a "magician"?
4. What did the magician tell Aladdin?
5. Tell of the magician's visit to Aladdin's home.
6. What did he offer to do for Aladdin?
7. What did Aladdin and the magician do the next day?
8. Tell how the magician entertained Aladdin on the succeeding day.
9. Do you think the magician was simply kind-hearted, or did he have a plan to use Aladdin for his own benefit?
10. For what did he want to use Aladdin?
11. Tell how the magician found the palace under the earth.
12. Why did not the magician himself go down into the palace?
13. What was Aladdin to do when he went down into the palace? What did the magician want Aladdin to get from the palace?

Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

transparent: capable of being seen through like glass.

turquoise (tŭr-koiz′): a blue or bluish-green semiprecious stone.

amethyst (ăm′ē-thĭst): a semiprecious stone of clear purple or bluish-violet color.

sapphire (săf′ĭr): a transparent precious stone of a bright blue color. Some Oriental sapphires are yellow.

pomegranate (pŏm′grăn-ât): an Asiatic fruit, somewhat resembling an orange in appearance, and of an agreeable acid flavor.

incense (ĭn′sĕns): a substance which, when burned, produces a pleasant odor. Used

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by magicians to produce magical results.

an extraordinary figure (ĕks-trôr′dĭ-nā-rĭ): a very strange and wonderful-looking figure or personage.

a hideous Genius: a Genius (jē′nĭ-ŭs) of very frightful appearance.

presence of mind: power to think quickly of the best thing to do or say.

prudence: the quality of thinking before acting or doing.

courteous (kûr′tē-ŭs): polite, of good manners.

ALADDIN FINDS THE WONDERFUL LAMP

When the magician had given these directions, he took a ring from his finger and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "This is a charm against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin went down, found all to be just as the magician had said, and carefully obeyed his orders.

When he had put the lamp into his waistband, he returned to the garden to look at the fruit which he had seen as he passed along. Each tree bore fruits of a different color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinted with yellow, sapphires. All were of the largest size, and more perfect than had ever been seen before in the whole world. These fruits were really precious jewels, but Aladdin, not knowing their great value, would have preferred figs, grapes, or pomegranates. But as he had his uncle's permission, he decided to gather some of each

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kind. He filled the two purses his uncle had given him, and he also filled the skirts of his vest.

He then returned with the greatest care, and found the magician anxiously waiting for him.

As soon as Aladdin saw his uncle, he said, "Pray, Uncle, lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp, first," replied the magician, "as it will only hinder you."

"Indeed, Uncle, I cannot give it to you now, but I will as soon as I am up. It is not at all in my way."

The African magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he would help him up; but Aladdin refused to give it up till he was out of the cave. This drove the magician into such a rage that he threw more incense into the fire, spoke two magic words, and instantly the stone moved back into its place, with the earth over it, as it had been when they first reached the spot.

Aladdin now saw that he had been deceived by one who was not his uncle, but a cruel enemy. The fact is, this magician had learned from his magic books about the secret and value of this wonderful lamp, which would make him richer than any earthly ruler if it were given into his hands by another person. He had chosen Aladdin for this purpose, and when his scheme failed, he set out immediately to return to Africa; but he did not go back to the town, that none might ask him what had become of the boy.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called

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W. L. Hackell

THE MAGICIAN WOULD HAVE THE LAMP BEFORE HE WOULD HELP ALADDIN UP

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aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But his cries were useless; the earth was closed above him, and also the palace door below him. His cries and tears brought him no help; and he sat down upon the step of his dungeon without the least hope ever again to see the light of day.

In this great difficulty, he said: "There is no strength or power but in the great high God"; and in joining his hands to pray, he happened to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger. Instantly a Genius of frightful aspect appeared, and said: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger; I, and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of such an extraordinary figure, but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself outside the cave, of which no sign was to be seen on the surface of the earth. He lost no time in making his way home, where he fainted from weakness; but as soon as he recovered, he told his mother all that had happened to him.

They were both very bitter against the cruel magician, but this did not prevent Aladdin from sleeping until late the next morning.

When Aladdin awoke, his first thought was that he

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was very hungry, and that he would like some breakfast. "Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you; but I have a little cotton which I have spun. I will go and sell it and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton, Mother," said Aladdin, "for another time, and give me the lamp which I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell it, and the money I get for it will serve for both breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper, too."

"Here it is," said his mother, "but it is very dirty. If I rub it clean, I believe it will be worth more money." She took some fine sand and water to clean it; but she had no sooner begun to rub it, than a hideous Genius of great size appeared before her, and said in a voice of thunder: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was so terrified at the sight that she fainted. But the boy, who had already seen a Genius in the cave, did not lose his presence of mind. He took the lamp out of his mother's hand, and said in a firm tone of voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The Genius disappeared immediately, and returned in an instant with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered silver dishes filled with tempting food, six large white cakes, two skins of wine, and two silver cups.

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All these were placed upon a carpet, and the Genius disappeared before Aladdin's mother had recovered from her swoon.

When Aladdin's mother was herself again, she was much surprised to see the great treat. They both satisfied their hunger, and still there was food enough for the rest of the day. This they put aside, and Aladdin's mother made him tell her all that had passed between him and the Genius during the time that she was in a swoon. The simple woman thought it all a dangerous and wicked business and begged Aladdin to sell both the lamp and the ring; but he persuaded her to let him keep both on the condition that she should have nothing to do with the Genius again.

When they had eaten all the food left from the feast that the Genius brought, Aladdin sold the silver plates one by one to a dealer, who cheated him by paying only a small part of their value, and yet made the boy think himself rich. At last he sold the tray; and when the money it brought was spent, he rubbed the lamp again. Again the Genius appeared, and provided the mother and son with another feast and with other silver dishes. These kept them in money for some time longer. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin now behaved with the greatest wisdom and prudence. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons; and in this way he gathered much wisdom and grew to be a courteous and hand-

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some youth. From the jewelers he learned that the fruits he had gathered when he got the lamp were not merely colored glass, but precious stones of untold value, the rarest in the city.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe what Aladdin found in the underground palace.
2. Why did he not realize that the jewels were valuable?
3. What did he bring out of the palace?
4. What did Aladdin's "uncle" demand when the lad came back to the entrance of the palace?
5. Can you give any reason for Aladdin's having refused to give up the lamp?
6. What did the "uncle" do when Aladdin finally refused to give up the lamp?
7. What did Aladdin now realize about his "uncle"?
8. How did Aladdin escape from the palace?
9. How did Aladdin find a breakfast?
10. What did the lamp look like? In what condition was it?
11. Would you not have liked to see Aladdin's mother when she tried to rub the dirt off the old lamp and the frightful Genius popped out of it?
12. Tell how the Genius of the Lamp provided for Aladdin and his mother.
13. What did Aladdin do with the jewels?
14. When the American Revolution began, Benjamin Franklin told the colonists that they "must light the *Lamp of Industry*." Is it possible that some wise old Arabian or Persian story-teller, by "Aladdin's Lamp," — the lamp by means of which a poor boy took care of his mother and himself, — might have meant simply "the Lamp of Industry," or Hard Work?

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SINDBAD THE SAILOR

"ARABIAN NIGHTS"

The stories of "The Arabian Nights" are all strung together on another story like beads on a string. In their original form these stories are very long, and contain many repetitions. Most of the English translations are very much shortened and many of the stories are omitted Among "The Arabian Nights" stories are "The Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor." We shall give you here only the first and the second of these voyages. In the other five voyages, Sindbad had wonderful experiences with dwarfs, giants, savages, apes, shipwrecks, and rafts, but always with a happy and successful ending.

Learn the meanings of the following words before you read the story:

caliph (kā'lĭf): the title of the head of the Mohammedan nation, now used by the sultans of Turkey.

Harun-al-Rashid (hä-rōōn-är-rȧ-shēd'): Haroun the Just (765-809), Caliph of Bagdad; hero of the "Arabian Nights."

Bagdad (Bäg-däd'): an ancient city of Turkey in Asia (present population 150,000).

envious (ĕn'vĭ-ŭs): feeling ill will towards another because of longing for something that he possesses.

delicacy (dĕl'ĭ-kȧ-sĭ): something pleasant to the senses, especially to the sense of taste; a dainty.

Balsora (Bäl-sō'rȧ): an ancient city in southwestern Turkey on the Euphrates River near the Persian Gulf; now called Bassora (Bäs'sō-rȧ).

becalmed (bē-käm'd'): delayed because there was no wind.

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merchandise (mûr'chăn-dīz): goods bought, sold, and exchanged by merchants.

Mihrage (Mĭh-räj'): a fabulous king of the East.

sequin (sē'kwĭn): an old gold coin of Italy and Turkey, worth about $2.25.

roc (rŏk): a mythical, or imaginary, bird of great size and strength.

turban (tûr'băn): a kind of headdress worn by men in the East consisting of a cap, and a sash, scarf, or shawl, wound about the cap.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

ARABIAN NIGHTS

In the time of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, a poor porter named Hindbad lived in the city of Bagdad. One very hot day this porter was sent to carry a heavy load from one end of the city to the other. Before he had gone half the distance he was so tired that he set his burden upon the ground, and sat down upon it to rest in the shade of a very grand house. He very soon decided that he could not have chosen a pleasanter place. A cool breeze was blowing from the open windows, and the pavement had been sprinkled with rose water. Within the palace he heard music, and the warble of nightingales and other birds, and he soon became aware of the smell of many dainty dishes. He wondered who lived in this fine house which he had never seen before. He went up to some splendidly dressed servants who stood at the door, and asked one of them the name of the master of the mansion.

"What!" replied the servant, "do you live in Bag-

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dad, and not know that here lives the noble Sindbad the Sailor, that famous traveler who has sailed around the world and over every sea upon which the sun shines?"

The porter, who had often heard people speak of the great wealth of Sindbad, could not help feeling envious of one whose lot seemed to be as happy as his own was miserable. Looking up to the sky he said loud enough to be heard:

"Mighty Creator of all things, consider the difference between Sindbad's life and mine. Every day I suffer a thousand hardships, and have hard work to get even enough bad barley bread to keep myself and my family alive, while the lucky Sindbad spends money right and left and lives upon the fat of the land! What has he done that you should give him this pleasant life — what have I done to deserve so hard a fate?"

Just at this moment a servant came out of the palace, and taking the porter by the arm said, "Come with me; the noble Sindbad, my master, wishes to speak to you."

Hindbad was surprised, but followed the servant into a vast dining room, where a great many people sat around a table covered with all sorts of delicacies. In the place of honor sat a tall, grave man with a long white beard. This was the famous Sindbad himself. The porter, more than ever alarmed at the sight of so many people, and of such a great feast, tremblingly saluted the company. Sindbad bade him come near and then caused him to be seated at his right hand;

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and served him himself, heaping choice morsels of food upon his plate, and pouring out for him a cup of excellent wine. And then after the feast was over, he asked his name and occupation.

"My lord," replied the porter, "I am called Hindbad."

"I am glad to see you here. I wish you to tell me what it was that you said just now in the street." For Sindbad, passing by the open window before the feast began, had heard his complaint, and that is why he had sent for him.

At this question Hindbad, hanging down his head, replied, "My lord, I confess that I was weary and out of humor, and that I spoke thoughtless words which I pray you to pardon me."

"Oh!" replied Sindbad, "do not think that I am so unjust as to blame you. On the contrary, I understand your situation and can pity you. But you appear to be mistaken about me, and I wish to set you right. You seem to think that I have gained all the wealth and luxury that you see me enjoy without difficulty or danger, but this is far indeed from being the case. I have reached this happy state only after having for years suffered every possible kind of toil and danger."

Then speaking to the whole company, he said, "Since you have, perhaps, heard only false and foolish accounts of my voyages, and the dangers and wonders that I have met with by sea and land, I will now give you a

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full and true account of them, which I think you will be well pleased to hear."

Before beginning his tale, he ordered that the burden which had been left in the street should be carried by some of his own servants to the place for which Hindbad had set out at first, while Hindbad remained to listen to the story.

First Voyage

My father was a wealthy merchant. He left me a large fortune, but being young and foolish, I at first spent it recklessly upon every kind of pleasure. I soon found, however, that riches speedily take to themselves wings if managed as badly as I was managing mine. I remembered also that to be old and poor is misery indeed, and so I began to think how I could make the best of what still remained. I sold all of my household goods, and joined a company of merchants who traded by sea, sailing with them from Balsora in a ship which we had fitted out between us.

We set sail towards the East Indies. From time to time we landed at various islands, where we sold or exchanged our merchandise, and one day, we found ourselves becalmed close to a small island which looked like a green meadow. The captain permitted all who wished to do so, to land for a while to amuse themselves. I was among the number, but when we lighted a fire and sat down to enjoy the food which we had brought

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with us, we were startled by a sudden trembling of the island. At the same moment those left upon the ship called to us to come on board for our lives, since what we had taken for an island was nothing but the back of a sleeping whale. Before I could save myself the whale plunged suddenly into the depths of the ocean, leaving me clinging to a piece of the wood which we had brought to make our fire. Meanwhile a breeze had sprung up and the ship sailed away, but in the confusion no one missed me, and I was left at the mercy of the waves. All that day and night I was tossed up and down by the waves. But I clung to my frail support, and great was my joy when the morning light showed me that I had drifted against an island.

By that time I was very hungry and very weak, but after searching I found some fruit, and a spring of clear water, which did much to restore my strength. After this I went further into the island and reached a great plain where I saw a horse grazing. As I stood looking at it, a man appeared who asked me how I came upon the island. I told him my adventures, and heard in return that he was one of the grooms of Mihrage, the king of the island, and that each year they brought their master's horses to the plain for pasture. He took me to a cave where his companions were, and I ate the food they set before me. They said that they were going back to their master on the next day, and that without their aid I could never have found my way to the inhabited part of the island.

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When we reached the capital, I was kindly received by the king, to whom I told my adventures. He ordered that I should be well cared for and provided with such things as I needed.

The capital has a fine harbor where ships arrived daily from all parts of the world, and I hoped soon to have a chance to return to Bagdad.

One day, I saw in the harbor a ship, which was unloading her cargo. When I came nearer to the ship, I noticed that my own name was marked upon some of the packages. I felt sure that they were the same packages which I had put on board our ship at Balsora. I then recognized the captain of the vessel, but as I was certain that he believed me to be dead, I went up to him and asked him who owned the packages that I was looking at.

"There was on board my ship," he replied, "a merchant of Bagdad named Sindbad. One day he and several of my other passengers landed upon what we supposed to be an island, but which was really a great whale floating asleep upon the waves. No sooner did the whale feel upon its back the heat of the fire which had been kindled, than it plunged into the depths of the sea. Several of the people who were upon it perished, and among others this unlucky Sindbad. This merchandise is his, but I have decided to sell it for the benefit of his family if I should ever meet with them.

"Captain," said I, "I am that Sindbad whom you

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believe to be dead, and this is my merchandise!" — The other merchants showed great joy at once more seeing me alive. At first the captain did not know me, but after looking at me closely he cried: "Heaven be praised that you have escaped from so great a danger! These are your goods. Take them and do what you please with them."

Of the choicest of my goods I prepared a present for King Mihrage, who was at first amazed, having heard that I had lost my all. However, when I had explained to him how my merchandise had been restored to me, he accepted my gifts, and in return gave me many valuable things. I then took leave of him, and exchanging my merchandise for sandalwood, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger, I sailed upon the same vessel and traded so successfully upon our homeward voyage that I arrived in Balsora with about one hundred thousand sequins. My family received me with as much joy as I felt upon seeing them once more. I bought land and slaves, and built a great house in which I hoped to live happily, and in the enjoyment of all the pleasure of life to forget my past sufferings.

Here Sindbad paused, and commanded the musicians to play again, while the feasting continued until evening. When the time came for the porter to depart, Sindbad gave him a purse containing one hundred sequins, saying, "Take this, Hindbad, and go home; but to-morrow come again and you shall hear more of my adventures."

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Second Voyage

The next day Hindbad returned to the voyager's house and was received with open arms. As soon as all the guests had arrived the banquet began as before, and when they had feasted long and merrily, Sindbad addressed them thus:

"My friends, I beg that you will give me your attention while I tell the adventures of my second voyage, which you will find even more astonishing than the first."

I very soon grew tired of such an idle life and longed once more to find myself upon the sea.

I took, therefore, such goods as were suitable for the places I intended to visit, and sailed for the second time in a good ship with other merchants whom I knew to be honorable men. We traded from island to island, and exchanged goods with great profit. One day we landed on an island which was covered with fruit trees and springs of excellent water, but we could see no houses or men or animals. While my companions wandered here and there gathering flowers and fruit, I sat down in a shady place, and fell asleep, lulled by the murmur of a clear brook which flowed close by.

How long I slept I know not, but when I opened my eyes and started to my feet I saw with horror that I was alone, and that the ship under full sail was just disappearing upon the horizon. I wished bitterly

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enough that I had been content to stay at home in safety. I was ready to die with grief. But I soon took courage and looked about me for some means of escape. Not knowing what to do I climbed a tall tree and looked about on all sides to see if I could discover anything to give me hope. I first looked towards the sea; but, finding nothing but sky and water, I looked over the land and saw a huge dazzling white object, so far off that I could not make out what it might be.

I came down from the tree and took what remained of my provisions and set off as fast as I could go towards it. As I drew near, it seemed to me to be a white ball of great size and height, and when I could touch it, I found that it was very smooth. I walked around it seeking to find some opening, but there was none. I counted, however, that it was at least fifty paces around it. Quite suddenly the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a black cloud. Something like a huge black cloud came swiftly over me, and I saw that it was caused by a bird of great size which was hovering near. Then I remembered that I had often heard the sailors speak of a wonderful bird called the roc, and I wondered if the white object which had so puzzled me could be its egg.

Sure enough the bird settled slowly down upon it, covering it with its wings to keep it warm. I hid close beside the egg in such a position that one of the bird's feet, which was as large as the trunk of a tree,

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THE ROC ROSE INTO THE AIR CARRYING ME UP AND UP

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was just in front of me. Taking off my turban I bound myself to the bird's foot with the linen in the hope that the roc, when it took flight next morning, would bear me away with it from the desolate island. As soon as the dawn appeared, the bird rose into the air carrying me up and up till I could no longer see the earth, and then suddenly it descended so swiftly that I almost lost my senses. But when I found that the roc had settled and that I was once again upon solid ground, I unbound my turban from its foot and freed myself, and that not a moment too soon; for the bird rose into the air once more and soon disappeared from my view. When I had looked about me and compared this place with the island from which the roc had brought me, I began to doubt if I had gained anything by leaving the desolate island.

The valley in which I found myself was deep and narrow, and surrounded by mountains which towered into the clouds, and they were so steep and rocky that there was no way of climbing their sides. As I wandered about, seeking anxiously for some means of escaping from this trap, I saw that the ground was covered with diamonds, some of them of great size. This sight gave me great pleasure, but my delight was brief because I saw also numbers of horrible snakes. Fortunately for me, they seemed to hide in the rocks by day, and to come out only by night.

At last, overcome with weariness, I lay down upon a rock to sleep, but I had hardly closed my eyes when I

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was startled by something which fell to the ground with a thud close beside me.

It was a huge piece of fresh meat, and as I stared at it several more pieces rolled over the cliffs in different places. I had never believed the stories the sailors told of the famous valley of diamonds, and of the cunning way which some merchants had planned for getting at the precious stones, but now I saw that they were surely true. These merchants came to the valley at the time when the eagles had hatched their young in their nests in the rocks. The merchants then threw great lumps of meat into the valley. These pieces of meat fell with such great force that some of the diamonds would stick to them, and the eagles were sure to take some of these precious stones with them when they carried the meat off to their nests to feed their hungry broods. Then the merchants would rush to the nests, and scare away the eagles with shouts and cries, and take away all of the diamonds that stuck to the meat. I had looked upon the valley as my grave, for I had seen no possibility of getting out of it alive, but now I took courage and began to plan a way to escape. I began by picking up all the largest diamonds I could find and putting them carefully into the leathern wallet which had held my provisions; this I tied to my belt. I then chose the piece of meat which seemed most suited to my purpose, and with the aid of my turban bound it firmly to my back. I then lay down upon my face and awaited the coming of the eagles. I soon heard

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the flapping of their mighty wings above me, and had the satisfaction of feeling one of them seize the piece of meat to which I was fastened, and rise slowly to his nest on the top of the mountain. Luckily for me, the merchants were on the watch, and one of them rushed to the nest where I was, scaring away the eagle. He was much surprised to see me, but instead of asking me how I came there, he began to abuse me for trying to steal his diamonds.

I said: "I am sure, if you knew all that I have suffered, you would show more kindness towards me, and as for diamonds, I have enough here of the very best for you and me and all your company."

I found that each merchant chose a particular nest, and took his chance of what he might find in it. So I begged the one who owned the nest to which I had been carried to take as many as he would of my diamonds, but he contented himself with only one stone. I stayed with the merchants several days, and then, as they were journeying homewards, I gladly went with them and came at last to the seashore. Thence we sailed to the isle of Roha. Before we left Roha, I exchanged one of my diamonds for merchandise by which I profited greatly on our homeward way. At last we reached Balsora, whence I hastened to Bagdad.

Having thus related the adventures of his second voyage, Sindbad again bestowed a hundred sequins upon Hindbad, inviting him to come again on the following day to hear how he fared upon his third voyage.

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The next day at the same hour, the porter returned. But his former life of hard work and poverty had already begun to seem to be only a bad dream.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why did the porter stop to rest near Sindbad's house?
2. Why did Sindbad call Hindbad into his house?
3. Why did Sindbad tell his guests the story of his life?
4. How did Sindbad get his first fortune?
5. How did he spend his money while he was young?
6. Why did Sindbad make his first voyage?
7. How did he lose the merchandise he took on this voyage?
8. How did he find it again?
9. How much money did Sindbad bring home from his first voyage? How much is a sequin?
10. What made Sindbad start on his second voyage?
11. Why was Sindbad left alone on an island?
12. Describe the valley to which the roc brought him.
13. Tell whether there is now, or ever was, such a bird as the roc.
14. How did Sindbad get to the top of the mountain?
15. How did the merchants manage to get the diamonds out of the valley?
16. Is there any truth in these stories?
17. Tell whether the author really expected that any one would believe these stories.
18. Tell whether there is a difference between telling a lie and writing a story about something that never really happened.
19. When Abraham Lincoln was a small boy, another boy told him that the story of Sindbad, the Sailor, was just a lie. "Perhaps so," said young Abe, "but if it is, it is a mighty good lie."
20. What do you think he meant by calling it "a good lie"?

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TRAVEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

When we read " Robinson Crusoe " or " Swiss Family Robinson," home became a very uninteresting place indeed. We lay awake at night and thought of Crusoe's Island, and just hungered to go and find such an island. This is true not only of children, but also of grown persons. Few persons ever get so old that they would not —

" . . . like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow,"

or visit tropical islands where the parrots scold one another in the trees. Think of it! Can you now see Crusoe building his boat while the cockatoos and the goats look on?

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous Scottish writer, never ceased to be a boy. To his last days, he was able to imagine himself on just such a glorious journey as is described in this poem. All of us take such journeys in our day-dreams. It never ceases to be good fun.

Now read the story in silence, imagining that you are actually on such a journey. You will see at once that you will have to read very slowly, stopping after each incident, shutting your eyes, and *seeing* it. For example, try to see this: —

" Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,

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Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts."

In writing the poem, Stevenson really saw all this in his mind. See whether you, also, can do so. You will not have *read* the poem until you have done so.

Learn the meanings of the following words before you read the poem:

cockatoos (kŏk-*à*-tōōz′): parrots.

Eastern cities: here meaning cities in Arabia, Persia, and other Eastern countries.

mosque (mŏsk): a church in Arabia and other countries where Mohammedans worship their god.

minaret (mĭn′*à*-rĕt): a tall slender tower on a mosque.

bazaar (bà-zär′): a market place in "Eastern cities," consisting of many shops where all kinds of peculiar Eastern articles are sold.

the Great Wall round China: a great wall extending along the northern boundary of China. It is fifteen hundred miles long, twenty to thirty feet high, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick at the base. It was built between the third century B.C. and fifteenth century to protect China from foreign enemies.

flamingo (flą-mĭŋ′gō): a very large, tall water bird, in color ranging from rosy-white to bright red.

comer-by: a passer-by.

palanquin (păl-ăn-kēn′): an ornamented box about eight feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high, suspended between poles, and in which a person is carried by two or four men. It is used in China, India, and other Eastern countries.

sweep: a chimney sweep or a street sweeper.

a camel caravan (kăr′*à*-văn): a body of merchants and travelers journeying together on camels across a desert.

festivals: merry-makings, meetings for pleasure.

old Egyptian boys: boys who lived in Egypt ages ago.

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Travel

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow; —
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats; —
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar; —
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum; —
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts; —
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies,
Hunting fish before his eyes; —
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear

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Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin; —
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come, when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you read the poem silently and very slowly? Can one really "travel" to these places?
2. Have you ever read any stories about "Eastern cities," or cities in Arabia and Persia where they have mosques with peculiar towers instead of churches like ours, and where they call their shops "bazaars"? If so, tell of them.
3. Where should you go to find crocodiles and the big red-backed bird called the flamingo?

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4. Where should you find the tigers?
5. Where find persons carried in a palanquin?
6. Where "a camel caravan"?
7. Where the old ruined cities described in the last lines of the poem?
8. How can one go on such a journey without leaving his own fireside?

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author of "Travel," was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, on November 13, 1850.

He studied law and engineering, but he was born to be a writer, and finally gave up all else to devote himself wholly to writing the stories and poems that have made him famous and beloved. Perhaps you have read "Treasure Island" and longed to have been on the expedition.

Mr. Stevenson lived for some time in America, and then went to the Samoa Islands in the far Pacific Ocean, where he died on December 3, 1894, aged forty-four years.

Few writers are so beloved personally as Robert Louis Stevenson, and very few indeed have so won the hearts of the people by their writings.

He was always sick, but he bravely wrote on and on just as if he were well, setting a noble example to everybody.

Closer, closer let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
  In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

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THE CRICKET

CHARLOTTE SMITH

Sometimes, on a winter evening, we may hear the peculiar chirp of a cricket coming from some hiding place on our hearth, when all other insect life has been stilled by the winter cold. You have heard it. Try to imagine it now.

The writer of this poem heard from her hearth such a song, and she says that she will sing the cricket a song in return for his song. She calls him "little inmate," meaning that he is a welcome inmate of her home. She says that he is a "harbinger (här'bĭn-jēr) of good," for a "cricket on the hearth" is considered by many persons a harbinger, or forerunner of future good luck.

Charles Dickens wrote a beautiful story about this belief, "The Cricket on the Hearth."

This poem is very easy to read. But remember that you have not really *read* it until you imagine that the cricket is on *your* hearth, and that *you* are saying to the cricket what the poet says. Try hard to do this, and you will greatly enjoy the poem.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

inmate: here meaning one who lives in a certain place, *with a right to be there.*

harbinger (hăr'bĭn-jēr): a sign of some future good.

akin (ȧ-kĭn'): related to; here, of the same insect family.

unimpaired: here, not of less power or sweetness.

melody: sweet sound, music.

a period: an end.

stout: here meaning strong.

merry minstrel: one who comes and makes joyous music.

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The Cricket

1

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my humble hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song most soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a song as I can give.

2

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer-song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

3

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy lay:
Then, insect! let thy simple song
Cheer the winter evening long;
While, secure from every storm,
In my cottage stout and warm,
Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,
And I'll delight to shelter thee.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the common belief about a "cricket on the hearth"? Who wrote a beautiful story about it? Have you read it?
2. What does the poet mean by "little inmate"?
3. What does the poet ask the cricket to do in return for her warm fire? What does she promise him in turn? What is her song?
4. In what way does the cricket's song differ from the song of other insects?
5. What does the poet call the cricket in the last stanza?
6. Have you ever had a cricket on *your* hearth? Did you kill it, or did you do as this poet did?

To a Cricket

Voice of summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will,
For thy song with summer's filled —
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away,
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of summer, keen and shrill.

William C. Bennett

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THE SANDS O' DEE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Dee is a river in the western part of England, flowing out into the Irish Sea near the old city of Chester. Its mouth is from three to six miles wide, and extends back into the land nine miles.

Up the mouth of the river, the tide runs very high. The shore is composed of treacherous sands, with points of sandy land running out into the river mouth. The tide rises upon and around these sand spits and far back upon the shore.

The mouth of the Dee is a famous fishing ground, where fishermen catch the beautiful shining fish called salmon. In the evening, they fasten their nets to stakes driven into the sand in the deep water, and in the morning, they go out in boats to raise the nets and get the fish which have been caught in the nets during the night.

The fishermen believe in ghosts, and claim that when the winds shriek at night, they can hear the ghosts of persons who have been swallowed up by the treacherous sands, calling for help. Kingsley uses this belief in the last two lines of the following poem.

Now let us picture a farm situated on the shore of the wide mouth of the Dee. The farmhouse is very old, with low doors.

Evening is coming. The cattle have been allowed to graze along the shore near the sands.

Playing near the house is a little girl ten or twelve years of age. She has shining golden hair and bright blue eyes. She wears a short calico dress, and she is bareheaded and barefooted.

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The little girl's mother comes to the door of the old farmhouse, and calls to the little girl,—

" O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee ! "

The little girl, stick in hand, starts out toward " the Sands o' Dee " to find the cattle.

" The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she."

Now shut your eyes and try to feel the wind and see the waves, as, with hissing, foamy rush, they follow one another " up along the sand." They keep coming up on the sand farther and farther as the little girl tries faithfully to find the cattle.

Imagine yourself with her as she calls " Co', boss ! Co', boss ! Co', boss ! " and listens for the sound of the cowbell.

But she does not find them. Then —

" The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see."

Shut your eyes and try to see the tide coming up on the sands. Then —

" The blinding mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she."

Again shut your eyes, and try to see the poor little girl, as in the blinding mist, she realizes that she is lost. Frightened and crying, she tries to find high land. At last, the tide begins to " swish " around her feet. Then higher and higher it comes, till a great " cruel, crawling, hungry, foaming " wave seizes her and swee[illegible] her away like a chip on the wild waters.

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For a moment she struggles in the waves, her long golden hair floating out on the waters.

But now, let us try to picture her home. Her father comes in from his work, and inquires for Mary. The mother tells him she has gone to call the cattle home. The parents wonder why she has not returned. The mother goes often to the door, and looks with white, frightened face out into the mist. The hours drag on, but Mary does not return. Then, in an agony of fear, the parents gather the neighbors and go to search for her. But they do not find her. Try to think of the parents through that long, long night.

In the morning, some fishermen go out in their boats to pull up their nets. As they hoist a net, they watch for the fish to show above the water. Suddenly, something golden and shining comes to the surface, and a fisherman calls out excitedly, —

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair!"

Then he exclaims, —

"A tress of golden hair!"

Then a little girl's face shows, and he says, —

"Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea!"

Then he cries that there —

"Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee!"

With pitying faces, they recognize her, and take her lifeless little body into the boat. Then, forgetful of nets and of salmon, they row rapidly toward the little girl's home.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea."

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Try to picture the scene when they brought her to the house.

Long years afterward, when the wind was shrieking over the sands in the mist and the night, the boatmen would say that they could —

" hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."

They thought the sound of the wind was the faithful little girl's terrified voice calling, " Co', boss ! Co', boss ! Co', boss ! "

Now go over this story again, shutting your eyes and trying to see all the pictures. Then *say* the poem that follows.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem :

dank: damp, moist.

tress: a braid, plait, lock, or curl of hair.

The Sands o' Dee

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee";
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

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"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the mouth of the River Dee, the scene of this poem.
2. Tell of the fishing at the mouth of the River Dee.
3. Tell of the beliefs of fishermen concerning ghosts and the voices of persons drowned in the Dee.
4. Describe the home of the little girl.
5. At what time of day does the story begin?
6. Describe the little girl.
7. Tell, by reading the first four lines, how the mother sends her after the cattle.
8. Where do you think the cattle were?
9. Describe the little girl's search for the cattle. Can you see her and hear her calling them?
10. Tell how you can see the tide "creeping" up the sands after her. Read aloud the lines that tell this.
11. Tell how the "blinding mist" came down and hid her. Read aloud the proper lines to do this. Can you see the little girl in the "blinding

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mist" that you have just read about?

12. Describe the tide as it finally seizes and carries the little girl away.
13. Try to see the father and the mother as they wait for the little girl who does not return.
14. Tell how the fishermen find her body in the pen made of stakes. Read aloud the lines telling what the fisherman exclaims as the little girl's hair rises above the water. Try to *see* the fishermen as they recognize the little girl.
15. Read aloud the lines that tell of taking her body home. Can you *see* this?
16. Try to imagine a dark, stormy night at the mouth of the Dee, the homes of the fishermen, the shrieks of the wind, and the fisher folk listening and thinking that they hear the little girl's ghost calling for help. Read aloud the lines telling of this.
17. Now *tell* this story by reading aloud again the entire poem, seeing and hearing everything that happens in it.

See "The Three Fishers," page 103, for a brief sketch of the life of Charles Kingsley.

Hope like a gleaming taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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LITTLE CHARLEY

CHARLES DICKENS

This selection is taken from Dickens's novel called "Bleak House." It is a story of a very dear, noble little girl who, when left an orphan at thirteen years of age, bravely supported her little brother and her little baby sister.

You will love "Little Charley," as this brave little girl is called. And you will also see that the world is full of other good people, like Mr. Gridley, Mr. Jarndyce, Mrs. Blinder, and others in the story.

Learn the meanings of these words before you begin to read the story:

companion: here, a young woman hired to stay with another woman, to read to her, and to perform other services.

ward: in law, a young person not old enough to manage his or her own property, and who is placed under the charge of an older person called a guardian (gär'dĭ-ăn). This person guards and watches over his "ward" and over his or her property.

tippets: a kind of scarf of warm materials to be worn around the neck in cold weather.

substitute: something used in place of another thing.

nankeen bonnet: a bonnet made of a kind of cloth called nankeen.

shrewd: wise, able to understand things not easily understood.

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Little Charley

Part I

When I, Esther Summerson, was taken from the school where the early years of my childhood had been spent, having no home or parents, as had the other girls in the school, my guardian, Mr. Jarndyce, gave me a home with him, where I was companion to his young and lovely ward, Ada Clare. I soon grew deeply attached to Ada, the dearest girl in the world; to my guardian, the kindest and most thoughtful of men; and to Bleak House, my happy home.

One day when we were in London, Mr. Skimpole said to me, "Miss Summerson, do you remember Mr. Neckett?"

"Oh, yes!" said I.

"Mr. Neckett is dead," said Mr. Skimpole. "He left three little motherless children. He was very poor, and his little children will have to care for themselves the best they can, and they are likely to have a very hard time of it."

I was shocked to hear this. We did not even know where they lived, but we decided to find these helpless little ones. Mr. Skimpole offered to go with us, and help us find them. We first went to the office where Mr. Neckett had worked, and there found a boy who told us to go to Bell Yard and inquire at the shop on the left-hand side, name of Blinder.

Then we all went to Bell Yard, a narrow alley, at a

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very short distance. We found the shop. In it was a good-natured-looking old woman.

"Neckett's children?" said she, in reply to my inquiry. "Yes, surely, miss. Three pair of stairs, if you please. Door right opposite the stairs." And she handed me the key across the counter.

I glanced at the key, and glanced at her; but she took it for granted that I knew what to do with it. As it could only be intended for the children's door, I came out without asking any more questions, and led the way up the dark stairs. We went as quietly as we could, but four of us made some noise on the aged stairs, and when we came to the second story, we found we had disturbed a man who was standing there, looking out of his room.

"Is it Gridley that's wanted?" he said, fixing his eyes on me with an angry stare.

"No, sir," said I. "I am going higher up."

He looked at my friends, fixing the same angry stare on each in succession, as they passed and followed me. My guardian, Mr. Jarndyce, gave him good day. "Good day!" he said abruptly and fiercely.

Leaving him standing there, we went up to the top room. I tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice inside said: "We are locked in. Mrs. Blinder's got the key!"

I applied the key on hearing this, and opened the door. In a poor room, with a sloping ceiling, and containing very little furniture, was a mite of a boy,

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some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls and tippets as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched and their small figures shrunken, as the boy walked up and down, nursing and hushing the child, with its head on his shoulder.

"Who has locked you up here alone?" we asked.

"Charley," said the boy, standing still to gaze at us.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No; she's my sister Charlotte. Father called her Charley."

"Where is Charley now?"

"Out a-washing," said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again, and taking the baby's nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

We were looking at one another and at these two children, when there came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure, but shrewd and older looking in the face, — pretty-faced, too, — wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this she might have been a child playing at washing and imitating a poor working woman with a quick observation of the truth.

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She had come running from some place in the neighborhood, and had made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath and could not speak at first, as she stood panting, and wiping her arms, and looking quietly at us.

"Oh, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child that he was nursing stretched forth its arms and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it in a womanly sort of manner, and stood looking at us over the burden that clung to her most affectionately.

"Is it possible," whispered my guardian, as we put a chair for the little creature and got her to sit down with her load, — the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron, — "that this child works for the rest! Look at this! Look at this!"

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know of him.
2. From what longer story is it taken?
3. What person in the story is supposed to be speaking or telling this story?
4. Where did Little Charley live?
5. Where did Esther Summerson and her friends find "Neckett's children"?
6. Tell what they found when they unlocked the door.

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7. Why did Mr. Gridley seem angry?
8. Tell what little Tom was doing when Esther and her friends went in.
9. Describe Little Charley.
10. How did she support herself and her little brother and sister?
11. How did the condition of the children and Charley's brave work make Mr. Jarndyce feel?
12. Explain "taking the baby's nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead."
13. Explain "and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure."

Part II

Read over these meanings of words carefully before reading Part II:

pattens: frames fastened to shoes to walk on in mud. They took the place of what we now call overshoes or "rubbers."
bustling: hurrying around.
tranquil: quiet, peaceful.
yard: here the word means the people who lived in the buildings around a courtyard.
salutation: a greeting, or speaking to some person, as when we say, "Good-morning."
deficient: wanting.

"Charley, Charley," said my guardian, "how old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

"Oh, what a great age!" said my guardian. "What a great age, Charley!"

I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her, half playfully, yet all the more mournfully.

"And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?" said my guardian.

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"Yes, sir," returned the child, looking up into his face with perfect confidence, "since Father died."

"And how do you live, Charley? O Charley," said my guardian, turning his face away for a moment, "how do you live?"

"Since Father died, sir, I've gone out to work. I'm out washing to-day."

"God help you, Charley!" said my guardian. "You're not tall enough to reach the tub."

"In pattens, I am, sir," she said quickly. "I've got a high pair that belonged to Mother."

"And when did Mother die? Poor Mother!"

"Mother died just after Emma was born," said the child, glancing at the face upon her bosom. "Then Father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing for a long time before I began to go out. And that's how I know how; don't you see, sir?"

"And do you often go out?"

"As often as I can," said Charley, opening her eyes and smiling, "because of earning sixpences and shillings."

"And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?"

"To keep them safe, sir, don't you see?" said Charley. "Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes; and they can play, you know, and

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Tom isn't afraid of being locked up. Are you, Tom?"

"No-o!" said Tom, stoutly.

"When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright — almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?"

"Yes, Charley," said Tom; "almost quite bright."

"Then, he's as good as gold," said the little creature — oh! in such a motherly, womanly way. "And when Emma's tired, he puts her to bed. And when he's tired, he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle and have a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, Charley," said Tom. "That I do!" And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock and passed from laughing into crying.

It was the first time since our entry that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father and their mother as if all sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling, busy way. But now, when Tom cried — although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges — I saw two silent tears fall down her face.

I stood at the window with Ada, pretending to look at the housetops, and the blackened stack of chimneys,

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and the poor plants, and the birds, in little cages, belonging to the neighbors, when I found that Mrs. Blinder, from the shop below, had come in — perhaps it had taken her all this time to get upstairs — and was talking to my guardian.

"It's not much to give them the rent, sir," she said. "Who could take it from them!"

"Well, well!" said my guardian to us two. "It is enough that the time will come when this good woman will find that it *was* much, and that forasmuch as she did it unto the least of these little ones! This child," he added after a few moments, "could she possibly continue this?"

"Really, sir, I think she might," said Mrs. Blinder, getting her heavy breath by painful degrees. "She's as handy as it's possible to be. Bless you, sir, the way she tended the two children after the mother died was the talk of the yard! And it was a wonder to see her with her father after he was ill, it really was! 'Mrs. Blinder,' he said to me, the very last time he spoke — he was lying there — 'Mrs. Blinder, I saw an angel sitting in this room last night along with my child, and I trust her to our Father.'"

Mrs. Blinder sat down to give herself a more favorable opportunity of recovering her breath, exhausted anew by so much talking before it was fully restored. Mr. Jarndyce was turning to speak to us, when his attention was attracted by the abrupt entrance into the room of the Mr. Gridley whom we had seen on our way up.

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"I don't know what you may be doing here, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as if he resented our presence, "but you'll excuse my coming in. I don't come in to stare about me. Well, Charley! Well, Tom! Well, little one! How is it with us all to-day?"

He bent over the group in a caressing way, and clearly was regarded as a friend by the children, though his face retained its stern character, and his manner to us was as rude as it could be. My guardian noticed it, and respected it.

"No one, surely, would come here to stare about him," he said mildly.

"May be so, sir, may be so," returned the other, taking Tom upon his knee, and waving my guardian off impatiently. "I don't want to argue with ladies and gentlemen. I have had enough of arguing to last one man his lifetime."

"I came to take these babies down to my room for an hour," he said, "and let them play about. You're not afraid of me, Tom, are you?"

"No!" said Tom. "You are not angry with *me*."

"You are right, my child. You're going back, Charley? Yes? Come then, little one!" He took the youngest child on his arm, where she was willing enough to be carried. "I shouldn't wonder if we found a gingerbread soldier downstairs. Let's look for him!"

He made his former rough salutation, which was not deficient in a certain respect, to Mr. Jarndyce: and bowing slightly to us, went downstairs to his room.

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We kissed Charley, and took her downstairs with us, and stopped outside the house to see her run away to her work. I don't know where she was going, but we saw her run — such a little, little creature, in her womanly bonnet and apron — through a covered way at the bottom of the court, and melt into the city's strife and sound like a dewdrop in an ocean.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How old was Charley?
2. Was Mr. Jarndyce in earnest when he said, "Oh, what a great age! What a great age, Charley!"?
3. How was she able to reach the washtub? What are pattens?
4. How had Charley learned how to support herself and the children?
5. Explain, "When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright — almost quite bright."
6. How did little Tom take care of things in Charley's absence? How old was he? What do you think of Tom?
7. How did Mrs. Blinder help the children? What do you think of her?
8. Tell of Mr. Gridley's coming in. Why did he seem angry again? What do you think of him? How did he help?
9. What did Mr. Gridley mean by saying, "I have had enough of arguing to last one man his lifetime"?
10. Why did Tom say to Mr. Gridley, "You are not angry with *me*"?
11. Explain, "We saw her run — such a little, little creature — through a covered way at the bottom of the court, and *melt into the city's strife and sound like a dewdrop in an ocean.*"
12. What do you think of the bravery of these children?

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Part III

Read over the meanings of these words before you read Part III:

sauntered: went by slowly and lazily.

green corn: "corn" in England means any kind of grain, as wheat or barley.

curtsy (kûrt'sĭ): an old-fashioned bow made by women in which the body was lowered almost to the floor and the head bent low.

maid: a girl or woman who takes care of the clothing of some rich lady, dresses her hair, and performs other services for her.

functions: duties.

matronly: like a serious, middle-aged woman.

Flora's attendants: the pretty girls supposed to accompany Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, in Roman times.

Many weeks passed before I saw Charley again. The long vacation sauntered on like an idle river very leisurely strolling down a flat country to the sea. We came home after spending six pleasant weeks in the country. It was delightful weather. The air was drowsy with the hum of insects. The green corn waved so beautifully, the larks sang so joyfully, the hedges were so full of wild flowers, the trees were so thickly out in leaf, the bean fields, with a light wind blowing over them, filled the air with such delicious fragrance! As I rode quietly home at night, I looked up at the stars, and thought about travelers in distant countries, and the stars *they* saw, and hoped I might always be so blest and happy as to be useful to some one in my small way.

They were so glad to see me when I got home, as they

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always were, that I could have sat down and cried for joy, if that had not been a method of making myself disagreeable. Everybody in the house, from the lowest to the highest, showed me such a bright face of welcome, and spoke so cheerily, and was so happy to do anything for me, that I suppose there never was such a fortunate little creature in the world.

We got into such a chatty state that night, through Ada and my guardian drawing me out, that I went on prose, prose, prosing for a length of time. At last I got up to my own room, quite red to think how I had been holding forth, and then I heard a soft tap at my door. So I said, "Come in!" and there came in a pretty little girl, neatly dressed in mourning, who dropped a curtsy.

"If you please, miss," said the little girl, in a soft voice, "I am Charley."

"Why, so you are!" said I, stooping down in astonishment, and giving her a kiss. "How glad I am to see you, Charley!"

"If you please, miss," pursued Charley, in the same soft voice, "I'm your maid."

"Charley!"

"If you please, miss, I'm a present to you, with Mr. Jarndyce's love."

I sat down with my hand on Charley's neck, and looked at her.

"And, oh, miss!" said Charley, clapping her hands, with the tears starting down her dimpled cheeks,

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"Don't Cry, If You Please, Miss"

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"Tom's at school, if you please, and learning so fast! And little Emma, she's with Mrs. Blinder, miss, getting such good care! And Tom, he would have been at school; and Emma, she would have been left with Mrs. Blinder; and I should have been here, all a deal sooner, miss; only Mr. Jarndyce thought that Tom and Emma and I had better get a little used to parting first, we were so small. Don't cry, if you please, miss."

"I can't help it, Charley."

"No, miss, I can't help it," said Charley. "And, if you please, miss, Mr. Jarndyce's love, and he thinks you'll like to teach me now and then. And, if you please, Tom and Emma and I are to see each other once a month. And I'm so happy and so thankful, miss," cried Charley, with a heaving heart, "and I'll try to be such a good maid."

"O Charley dear, never forget who did all this!"

"No, miss, I never will; and Tom and Emma won't forget it. It was all you, miss."

"I have known nothing of it. It was Mr. Jarndyce, Charley."

"Yes, miss; but it was all done for the love of you. If you please, miss, I am a little present with his love, and it was all done for the love of you. Tom and I are to be sure to remember it."

Charley dried her eyes, and entered on her duties, going in her matronly little way about and about the room, folding up everything she could lay her hands upon.

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Presently, Charley came creeping back to my side, and said, "Oh, don't cry, if you please, miss."

And I said again, "I can't help it, Charley."

And Charley said again, "No, miss; I can't help it." And so, after all, I did cry for joy, indeed, and so did she — and from that night my little maid shared in all the cares and duties, joys and sorrows of her mistress. And Charley is now as well, and rosy, and pretty as one of Flora's attendants, and the bond which binds me to my little maid is one which will be severed only when the days of Charley's happy life are over.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. When did Esther again see Charley?
2. What did Esther mean when she said, "I went on prose, prose, prosing for a length of time"?
3. How did Charley surprise Esther?
4. In what way was Charley to be with Esther and what were her duties?
5. How had little Tom and Baby Emma been provided for?
6. Read aloud the close of the story to show how happy Esther and Charley were.
7. Have you liked this story?

Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, was born at Landport, England, in 1812. His boyhood was one of great poverty. He had to do many kinds of work for a living. But during these hard years he gained knowledge and experience without which he never could have written his novels, — a knowledge of the ways of life and the manner of speech of hundreds of persons, many of whom finally became the characters in his books. At the age of twenty-five, he was famous. He died in 1870.

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mr. Longfellow lived for many years and until his death in a large, fine old house called " The Old Craigie House " in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Craigie House was Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston in the American Revolution. It was famous for this reason, but it is now even more famous because it was the home of Longfellow. It is visited every year by thousands of persons who love Longfellow's poems.

In the old mansion is Longfellow's " study," the room where he wrote many of his poems. He was a hard worker, standing at a tall desk to write. He had regular hours of work when his children were not allowed to disturb him.

But he loved all good children, and especially his three little daughters, Alice, Allegra, and Edith. So, as you will see by the title of this poem, he set aside a " children's hour," when the children were allowed to come to the study to romp with him.

Now you must imagine the excitement of the three girls as the " children's hour " approached. The poet is in his study, which he and his little daughters imagine is a castle that they are to storm and capture. He is watching for them. Can you see them, —

" Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair,"

as they are waiting, full of girlish giggles, to rush in and surprise and capture him? See the picture on page 204.

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W. L. Taylor.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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Now with a rush they climb to the turret of his castle, — the turret meaning his armchair, — they capture him, and so devour him with kisses that he thinks he is Hatto, the Bishop of Bingen, who was devoured by mice —

"In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine."

But instead of their holding him captured, he seizes them in his arms and holds them all tight there, for he will let no such "blue-eyed banditti" (which in Italian means outlaws who capture and hold persons for ransom) make him their captive easily; for he is "an old mustache," which means an old fighting man used to such assaults on his castle.

And so he captures them and imprisons them forever —

"In the round-tower of his heart."

A "round-tower" in a castle is the place where prisoners are held.

And he says that he will keep them forever in the round-tower of his heart, which means that he will love them as long as he lives.

You will see from this poem what a delightful father this great man must have been.

Read the poem until you can see all the pictures. Then *tell* it by reading it aloud just as if you were the poet telling the story.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading "The Children's Hour":

occupation: kinds of work that occupied the day.

turret (tŭr′ ĕt): an open-topped tower on a castle. Here, the poet's armchair, which is his "turret," or place of defense.

blue-eyed banditti (băn-dĭt′ ĭ): the three little girls likened to Italian bandits or robbers.

an old mustache (mŭs-tăsh′): an old fighting man. The poet in defending himself from the fierce attack likens himself

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to an old soldier with a fierce mustache.

my fortress (fôr′ trĕs): a fort, a place of defense. Here, the poet's loving heart.

dungeon in the round-tower of my heart: under the "round-tower" of a castle there was usually a strong prison room, or dungeon, where prisoners were often kept all their lives. Here the expression means that the poet will always keep his daughters in his loving heart.

The Children's Hour

1

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

2

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

3

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

4

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes

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They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

5

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

6

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

7

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

8

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

9

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,

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But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

10

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where did Longfellow live? Tell about the old house. Tell of his "study" and of his work hours.
2. What was "the children's hour"? At what time of day did it occur?
3. Describe, in your own words, what happened when the "children's hour" came.
4. Who were the three little daughters?
5. What was his "castle"? the "turret"? What are "banditti"? Why were the children called banditti? What does he mean by calling himself "an old mustache"?
6. What is a "round-tower"? What does it mean in the poem?
7. What does the poet mean when he says that he will keep them forever — "In the round-tower of my heart"?
8. What does this poem tell about Mr. Longfellow as a father?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, usually considered as first among American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was professor of literature at Bowdoin College, Maine, and at Harvard College, for many years, resigning the latter position in 1854 to devote his time to writing. He is beloved by children as "The Children's Poet." Mr. Longfellow died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882, universally loved and honored.

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is a famous short poem that you should know. If, after you understand it, you like it, you should commit it to memory.

In the poem, Mr. Longfellow tells of two things, an *arrow* and a *song*.

Now, an arrow is a thing intended *to hurt*. A song is a thing intended *to give pleasure*. In our daily acts, we are always using either arrows or songs; that is, we are either doing things which may hurt some one, or doing things which may give some one pleasure.

Mr. Longfellow says, —

> " I shot an arrow into the air;
> It fell to earth, I knew not where."

But " long, long afterward " he found that his arrow had done harm. Be sure to find out how it had done harm.

He also " breathed a song into the air." And, like the arrow, it also " fell to earth," and he " knew not where."

And " long, long afterward " " he found the song " " in the heart of a friend." So the good thing, also, had lived, and had found a resting place " in the heart of a friend."

In the same way our bad deeds and also our good deeds are sent out very carelessly, and we think little about the harm that our bad deeds may do or the pleasure that our good deeds may give to some one.

But it is for us to find out what our " arrows " are, and what our

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" songs " are, and to learn that whether we shoot " arrows " or " breathe songs," they will surely live, to hurt some one or to give joy to some one.

The trouble is that we usually think that a poem like this applies to *others*. For that reason, it does not help *us*. The real question is, not whether your friend Billy Jones, or Nellie Smith, shoots " arrows " or " breathes songs " every day, but whether *you*, *yourself*, do so. Would it not be a good game to think over one day of your life, say to-day, and try to find out how many " arrows " you had " shot, " and just how many " songs " you had " breathed "? If you said a cross thing to your mother this morning, that was an " arrow," and to-night if you look closely at her tired eyes, you will be likely to find out that your arrow is in her heart, " still unbroke." If you said to her some loving word, as you ran away to school, or helped her with her work, you " breathed a song," and if you look closely when you go home, you will find your song in her heart.

You have heard the saying " hearts of oak," meaning brave, noble hearts. You see that " arrows " can lodge even in a " heart of oak." It often takes many " songs " to remove an " arrow " that has been carelessly shot into some " heart of oak."

The Arrow and the Song

1

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

2

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

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For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

3

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does an "arrow" mean in this poem?
2. Was it shot *at* something, or just carelessly?
3. What is meant when the poet says he did not know where it fell?
4. What does the "song" mean in the poem?
5. What does the poet mean by saying that he did not know where his song fell?
6. What is meant by finding his "arrow" in the heart of an oak?
7. What is meant by finding the "song" in the heart of a friend?
8. Make a list of some everyday "arrows" that we "shoot."
9. Make a list of some everyday "songs" that we "breathe."
10. Why do many persons fail to get some real good out of such a poem as this?
11. Have you ever tried making a list of the arrows you shot and the songs you breathed in one day? If you should do so, do you think you would find that you had given more joy than pain? Try it.

And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A fable is a very short story in which animals talk, and which teaches some lesson. "The Mountain and the Squirrel" is a fable, however, in which a mountain also talks. We must suppose that the great mountain, which could not move and which always sat so still, became offended at the little squirrel which ran all over him in a most impudent way. So he called the squirrel a "little prig," or in other words, told the squirrel that he was a very vain, conceited little person.

Now the mountain, like most big things, was himself vain and conceited, and so he thought that little things are not of much use anyway.

But the squirrel taught him a lesson. He told the mountain saucily that it made a very pretty squirrel track, or in other words that, big as it was, he, the squirrel, could "just walk all over it." You may read for yourself what else the squirrel told the mountain, and you should remember, as you read the fable, that each thing, whether it be a small raindrop or the great ocean, has its own work to do, and that if it does it well, it has done its part, and that each can do things that the other cannot do.

The Mountain and the Squirrel

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig";

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Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a fable?
2. In this fable, who are speaking?
3. What did they quarrel about?
4. Why did the mountain think so much of itself? Tell why you think it might have been offended at the squirrel. What did it call the squirrel? What is a prig?
5. Read aloud the poem beginning at the squirrel's reply. There is a saying, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," or that it takes big people and little people, and that one kind is just as much needed as the other. Read how the squirrel saw this. ("Sphere" in the poem means *world*.)
6. How does the squirrel tell the mountain that we should

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be glad to do our own work, no matter how small it is?

7. What things could the squirrel do that the mountain could not do?
8. What is meant by the third line from the end of the poem?
9. Have you ever felt that your work did not amount to much and that you would like to have the work of someone else to do? If so, what does this fable teach you?

Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;
When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"
When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come, live and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

WILLIAM BLAKE

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THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

All of us have often repeated Stevenson's lines, —

" The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

As happy as *kings!* Dear children, kings are the unhappiest persons in the world. It would be very sad indeed, to " be as happy as kings." Stevenson would have written the truth more fully had he said, —

The world is so full of a number of joys,
We should all be as happy as girls and boys.

All of the boys and girls of the great common people are much happier than any king, or queen, or prince, or princess. You should never wish to be as happy as a " prince " or a " princess." Just wish to be your own selves, as did this dear old " Miller of the Dee." Happiness lies in ourselves, not in wishing to be some one else. If we do our work well every day, just do it the very best that we can, we shall find happiness as did the Miller of the Dee. He was happier than the king himself. Read the story and see for yourself.

The following words will help you to understand the story better:

hale: healthy.
blithe (blīth): happy.
burden of his song: the principal thought of his song.
envy (ĕn'vĭ): to think some one is better than we are or has

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more than we have, and to dislike him for it. It is a feeling that any one should be greatly ashamed of.

kingdom's fee: the value of his kingdom.

doffed: took off.

King Hal: nickname for King Henry.

mealy cap: covered with meal or flour.

The Miller of the Dee

1

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night —
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody — no, not I —
And nobody envies me!"

2

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

3

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quoth he;

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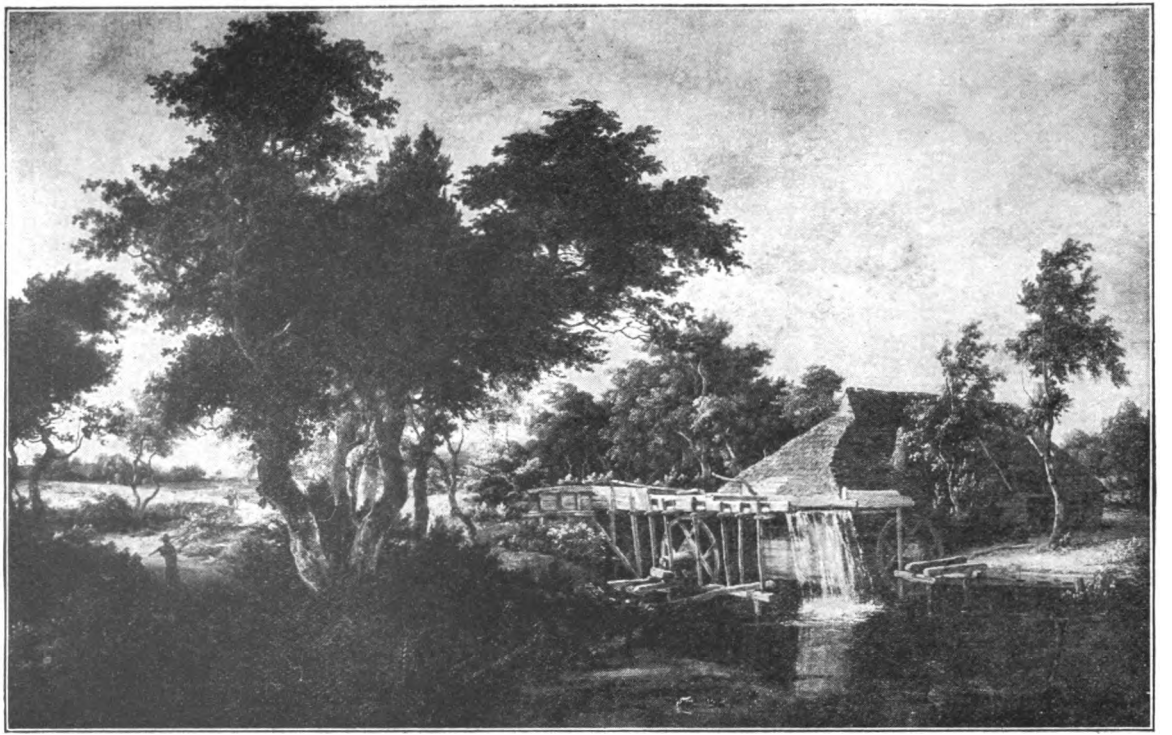

THE OLD MILL

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"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

4

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. The River Dee is in northwestern England.
2. What did the miller sing about himself? What does it mean?
3. In what way was he like a lark?
4. What did King Hal say about the miller's song?
5. In what way did he say that the miller was wrong?
6. Why is a king unhappy?
7. Why was the miller happy?
8. What question did the king ask the miller?
9. What was the miller's reply?
10. Why was Robert Louis Stevenson wrong when he wrote, —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings"?

Charles Mackay (mă-kī'), a Scottish writer, was born at Perth, Scotland, in 1814. He died at London, England, in 1889.

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THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The story of Pandora is an old, old story. In fact it is as old as the human race. Long, long, long ago, as far back as history goes, men knew and told this wonderful story.

And just what is this wonderful story? The story of Pandora is a story that was invented by some one with a strong imagination, to tell just how and why troubles and worries came into this world.

In telling and retelling this story very many variations or changes have been made in it, but in the main points the original story has not been changed. Expressed in a few words, here is the story as it was told and believed by the early Greeks:

The first mortals who ever lived on this earth lived in a state of perfect innocence and bliss. The air was pure and balmy; the sun shone brightly all the year; the earth brought forth delicious fruit in abundance; and beautiful, fragrant flowers bloomed everywhere. All the world was happy. There were no troubles on earth. Extreme cold, hunger, sickness, and death were unknown. No one then knew anything about pain or sorrow.

These mortals were so happy that the gods became jealous of them, and decided to find some way to punish them. So Zeus (zūs), the most powerful of all the gods, assembled the gods, and in solemn council they decided to create a woman, and as soon as she had been artfully fashioned, each god gave her some special charm to make her more attractive. This peerless creature was very beautiful and charming, but full of curiosity, cunning, and flattery. Her name was Pandora.

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Then Zeus sent her down to earth, where she became the wife of Epimetheus (ĕp-ĭ-mē'thūs).

One day Zeus sent to the home of Epimetheus and Pandora, by Hermes (hûr'mēz), the messenger of the gods (called Mercury in Hawthorne's story), a beautiful box, in which the jealous god had hidden all the troubles that can come to man. But he also put into the box the wonderful thing called *Hope*.

Zeus knew that Pandora's curiosity would overcome her and that it would compel her to open the box. Day by day, as she looked at the box, she kept wondering what was in it. Finally, her curiosity overcame her, and she opened the box! Like a flash a thousand and one troubles flew out and scattered among men. And there was no more happiness.

In the old Greek story, Pandora, when she saw what a terrible thing her curiosity had led her to do, slammed down the lid of the box, and kept for man the only beautiful thing that was in it, — the beautiful thing called Hope. So that, no matter what troubles may come to man, he always has *hope*, — the hope that happiness may return again. A poet has said, —

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

And that is the way in which men, long, long ago, tried to explain how troubles came to man.

It is the old story which Hawthorne, in "The Paradise of Children," has told to you, — told more beautifully than the ancients ever told it, and somewhat differently.

As you read the story, you will have to watch carefully for hidden meanings, for often a paragraph which seems to tell a very simple thing has another meaning also, a *hidden* meaning, and you will miss the best part of the story unless you can find the hidden meanings. In the questions following each "Part" of the story, you will be asked about these "hidden meanings." Let us suppose that Mr. Hawthorne were alive, and that to-day he should come into your schoolroom and say to you: "Children,

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I have just written a story. In this story I have said many things in which I have hidden certain meanings. Now I'll wager that you cannot read the story and find them."

You would try very hard to show him that you could do so, would you not? Well, the hidden meanings are in the story. Now let us see whether you can find them.

Now read the story just as you would read any other story. But first learn the meanings of the words at the beginning of each "Part" before reading the Part, or else you cannot fully understand the story.

After you have read the tale, take each question that is asked under "Questions and Suggestions for Discussion," turn back to the proper place in the story, and try to answer the question. You will find lots of fun in digging out the "hidden meanings," for they are Hawthorne's hints, not only at poor Pandora's faults, but also at our own faults. So, while reading about Pandora, remember that Hawthorne may be slyly telling you about yourself.

Learn the pronunciations and the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

Epimetheus (ĕp-ĭ-mē′thūs): the hero of "The Paradise of Children."

Pandora (păn-dō′rȧ): the heroine of "The Paradise of Children."

caroling (kăr′ŭl-ĭng): singing joyously.

disquietude (dĭs-kwī′ ĕ-tūd): a feeling of worry that makes a person ill at ease.

more substantial: here, more important, more serious.

staff: a kind of stick to be carried in the hand.

Quicksilver: by "Quicksilver" Hawthorne means Mercury, who, as believed by the Romans, was the messenger of the gods. The ancient Greeks called him Hermes (hûr′ mēz). Quicksilver is the common name for mercury, the quick-moving substance which you see in thermometers. Among the Romans

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and Greeks, Mercury (or Hermes) was supposed to wear a cap with feathers on it to indicate swiftness. He wore also feathers on his heels. He carried in his hand a short staff, around which were coiled two snakes. See "Mercury" in your dictionary.

enterprise (ĕn'tĕr-prīz): eagerness to do or attempt.

continually: all the time.

vexations: things which make one vexed or angry.

a profusion of flowers: a great number of flowers.

foliage (fō'lĭ-āj): green leaves and branches.

exquisitely represented (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt-lĭ): beautifully carved or shown.

high relief: carving that stands out from a surface.

contrivance (kŏn-trīv'ăns): a plan, a scheme.

roguishly (rō'gĭsh-lĭ): mischievously.

disentangle: here, to untie.

The Paradise of Children

Part I

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and, in order that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like him, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this, —

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus,

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"that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora; "and where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come! don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There was no need of fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or at eventide he saw the tender bud of to-morrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

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What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner, and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble; but every day it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about that box!" said Epimetheus, at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees, for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes that you have ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

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"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and I don't care whether I ever have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sidewise at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear

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laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and, most probably, it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away; "but until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name,

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had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. So perseveringly did she babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it, and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations in those happy days that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as much disturbance, then, as a far bigger one would in our own time.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly more than a hundred times; but in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made out of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The edges and the corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and of the

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prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face, that was really beautiful, had been made to look ugly by her catching a sidewise glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and had imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple

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Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs which roguishly defied the skillfulest fingers to disentangle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, and just see how it was made. Two or three times already she had stooped over the box, and had taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without really trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How old is the story of Pandora?
2. How did men ages ago come to invent the story?
3. Tell in your own words the first Pandora story.
4. Who wrote the Pandora story which you are now reading? Tell what you know of him.
5. Who was Epimetheus? Pronounce his name correctly.

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How long ago did he live? Why was he unlike boys and girls nowadays?

6. Who was his playmate?
7. What did she first see when she came to live with Epimetheus?
8. What quality that women are supposed to have exhibited itself when she saw the box? What question did she ask? What did Epimetheus answer? How did Pandora like his answer?
9. Tell what people were like and how they lived in that olden time. How did they get their food? How did they spend their time? What things did they never have to do? How were they unlike children that you know? Why were they able to live so happily?
10. What was the first "faint shadow of a Trouble" that came among them? How did it make its appearance? Who brought it? Why? Read aloud the conversation between Pandora and Epimetheus at this stage of the story.
11. Who had brought the box? Describe him. Tell of his cap and of his staff. Have you looked in the large dictionary to read of him and to see his picture? Why does Hawthorne call him "Quicksilver"?
12. What all this time kept bothering Pandora? Why did it bother her? Why did it not bother Epimetheus? Do you think it true that girls have more curiosity than boys?
13. Describe the box.
14. Tell how Pandora could not let it alone.
15. How did she try to prove to herself that it was right to open the box?
16. Why did Epimetheus refuse to think of opening the box?
17. There is a fine "hidden meaning" in the next to the last paragraph in Part I. Try to find it as an answer to this ques-

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tion: How do human beings try to find excuses for themselves when they are about to do a thing which they know they should not do?

18. Have you ever made excuses for yourself as Pandora did? If so, let each one of the class relate an incident in which he found excuses for himself.

Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

garlands: wreaths of flowers.
abundant: plentiful.
employment: anything which occupies one's time.
ingenious person (ĭn-jēn'yŭs): a person able to invent or contrive things.
to restore the knot: to tie the gold cord in the kind of knot in which it was at first.
discontented: unhappy.
to intercept the sunshine: to shut out the sunshine.
obscurity: partial darkness.
a lamentable tone (lăm'ĕn-tȧ-b'l): a sorrowful tone, showing grief.
affright: great fear.
odious: hateful.

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything else to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life, before any Troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide and seek among the flower shrubs, or at blindman's buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out while Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely noth-

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ing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere), and arranging them in vases, — and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of, and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box (but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got) — many a kick did it receive. But, certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts. Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But

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PANDORA

W. L. Haskell

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you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep! I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and, therefore, she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls here around me would have felt.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity became so much greater than it usually had been, that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; much too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor and let it fall again, with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir inside of the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur within! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

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As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it, nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers and pried into it as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile, the bright sunshine came through the open window, as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, with perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser to let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows, and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

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"This is the strangest thing I have ever known!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. O very naughty and foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no; but there was quite a little tumult of whispers in her ear, or else it was her curiosity that

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whispered, "Let us out, dear Pandora! Pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well! yes! I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time, since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or if ripe at all, they were overripe, and so sweet as to be distasteful. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented, that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did; for you must recollect that at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature, and constant habit, to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves

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on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick, or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that somehow or other he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely, — roses, and lilies, and orange blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower wreaths; but boys could do it, in those days, rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased, — as heavily as a grown man, — as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant, — without much

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probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his wise speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while,

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at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thundercloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly see what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dorbugs and pinching dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking very spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why did Pandora get into trouble? (Paragraph 1.) May Hawthorne be giving all of us a hint of a fault of our own in this paragraph? If so, what is the hint? What does he think may be good, not only for Pandora, but for all of us?

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2. Why was Pandora like ourselves? (Paragraph 3.)
3. How did Pandora's curiosity begin to show itself in acts?
4. What effect did the mischievous face on the box have upon Pandora's curiosity?
5. How did Pandora finally succeed in untying the knot? Was it difficult? Is there any hidden meaning for us in the ease with which Pandora got into trouble when she tried to do so?
6. Is there any hidden meaning for us in the fact that, after Pandora succeeded in untying the knot, she tried to restore it? If so, what?
7. What led Pandora finally to open the box?
8. How did Pandora excuse herself for taking "just one little peep"? Is there in this a hint for us?
9. Relate what Epimetheus was doing all this time.
10. Does the "great black cloud" that was gathering in the sky have for us any hidden meaning? If so, what?
11. How does Hawthorne show that men, as well as women, have curiosity?
12. Why did the cottage grow "very dark and dismal" as Pandora opened the box?
13. What hidden meaning is there in the fact that the thunder began "growling and muttering" as Pandora opened the box?
14. What dreadful thing happened when Pandora raised the lid of the box?
15. What did Epimetheus mean when he cried out, "Oh, I am stung"? Was he really stung by a wicked insect, or is there a hidden meaning to this? If so, what?
16. What do you think of Epimetheus when he ran and brushed away the insect that would have stung Pandora? What does his act really mean? Remember that the "odious little monster" that would have stung her was only a *Trouble.*

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Part III

Learn the meanings of these words before reading Part III:

species: kinds of.
afflicted: troubled.
molested: bothered, interfered with.
mortal: a person.
calamity: (kȧ-lăm'ĭ-tĭ): a great misfortune.
immortal in their childhood: always to remain children; never to grow up.
grievously stung (grēv'ŭs-lĭ, not grēv'ĭ-ŭs-lĭ): so badly stung that the pain was hard to bear.
intolerable: not able to be borne.
unaccustomed: not used to.
abominable box: very hateful box.
had insensibly grown lighter: had grown lighter without Pandora's knowing it.
arch tone: gay tone.
Hope spiritualizes the earth: to make all persons more beautiful in thoughts and acts, in wishes, and in goodness.
infinite bliss hereafter: perfect happiness in a life after death.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box which had been given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely, in order that the happy children of the world might

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never be molested by Troubles. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

But — and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world — by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards. And, what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both

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of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with each other. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me."

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, —

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"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked towards Epimetheus as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah!" said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

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"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you will soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them!"

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!"

So with one consent the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairylike stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

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After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since otherwise their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, — "and that will be as long as you live in the world, — I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling

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of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us!" they exclaimed, "tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody that has since been alive, trusted Hope. And to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad (though, to be sure, it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do) — but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt — no doubt — the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What were the creatures which Pandora had let out of the box? Name them. Name as many "cares" as you can think of; as many "sorrows" as you can think of; as many "diseases."
2. What has poor Pandora's curiosity done to the world?
3. How did she and Epimetheus try to get rid of their troubles? Can you think of any hidden meaning in the fact that the children let their troubles out of the windows so that they troubled other people? Do most persons distribute their troubles thus?
4. What happened to all live things after the troubles got out among them?
5. How did Pandora and Epimetheus act toward each other after they saw what Pandora's curiosity had brought upon them?
6. In the greatest of their troubles, what peculiar sound did they hear?
7. Who was knocking inside the box? When Pandora asked Epimetheus if she should open the box again, he said: "Just as you please. You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more." Does this sound just like some man who really wanted to know what was in the box but did not wish to share in the blame if a mistake were made?
8. What made Pandora's heart grow lighter when she heard the cheerful little voice begging to be let out of the box? What hidden meaning has this for us?
9. What was the name of the dear little creature in the box? What does this part of the story mean?
10. Why did the lid seem so heavy when the children tried to let Hope out? Is it sometimes very hard to hope when troubles are very heavy?

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11. What did the little stranger do when she was let out? How did she help the children? What hidden meaning is there in this?
12. How did their feelings change after Hope had taken away the pain caused by the stings of the Troubles? What is the meaning of this?
13. Tell how Hope explained her presence in the box.
14. What cheering things did she tell the children?
15. What did Hope mean when she said to the children, "I know something good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter"?
16. What did Hope mean when she said, "But do not despair even if it should never happen while you live on this earth"?
17. Why does Hawthorne say, "I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box"?
18. What is always left us even in our worst troubles?
19. What is meant by the last sentence in the story?
20. Try to tell, in the fewest possible words, what this story means; that is, what is the great "hidden meaning" in it?
21. What did Hope mean by saying, "My wings are like the rainbow, because I am partly made of tears as well as smiles"?

Turn to page 297, and read aloud the poem "Hope."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He was graduated from Bowdoin College, Maine, where he was a fellow student with the poet Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the United States. He wrote several famous novels and a number of volumes of beautiful stories for children. "The Paradise of Children," which you have just read, is taken from Hawthorne's "A Wonder Book." Hawthorne died in 1864, having achieved lasting fame as a writer.

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AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This poem is about as full of pictures as so short a poem possibly could be. See whether you can find fourteen eye-pictures and two ear-pictures in the poem. There are four pictures in the first short stanza, which has only fifteen words in it.

Now read the poem silently, and very slowly, line by line. After each line close your eyes, and try hard to see the picture. Try the first line carefully, striving to recall the ending of a day in February. It should take several minutes to see this picture. *Don't hurry.*

Look for a picture in every line.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

a **funeral train**: a line of carriages following the body of a dead person.

pealing: tolling.

dismal knell (nĕl): the tolling of a church bell.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

1

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead!

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2

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

3

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

4

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

5

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

6

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In the first stanza, what does the sky look like? the earth? What does the marsh look like? the river? Why does he say that "the river is *dead*"?
2. Try hard to see the pictures in the second stanza. Don't hurry.
3. In stanza 3, there are three separate pictures, which afterward blend into one made up of the three. Try hard to see them.
4. In the first three stanzas, the poet gives us dismal pictures. How does he add greatly to the dismal scene in stanza 4? Can you *see* the "funeral train"?
5. In stanza 5, listen to the slow tolling of the church bell. Why is it tolling? How does it make the poet feel? What is a "knell"?
6. In the last stanza, night settles down. What tells this? How does it add to the dismal scene?
7. What effect does it all have upon the poet, as told in the last three lines of the last stanza?
8. Compare this "Afternoon in February" with an afternoon that you remember in May or June.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This poem has a meaning that is hidden under a simple tale of how King Solomon turned aside to keep his horse from treading upon a colony of ants.

First, you should know that King Solomon, the wise man of the Bible, was believed to know the languages of animals, birds, and insects. In the old legends of Palestine, many interesting tales are told of his conversations with various animals and insects.

Secondly, you should know that in King Solomon's time and for many hundreds of years afterward, good things were supposed to exist only for the king, his nobles, and the rich. The great mass of common people were considered only fit to be providers for the king, the nobles, and the rich, and their life was too wretched for words to tell. They were considered fit only to be trampled on by the more fortunate.

The story of the poem is easy to read so far as its apparent meaning is concerned. Read it over and try to see King Solomon, the black-skinned but splendid Queen of Sheba, the lords and the great warriors, all beautifully dressed, as they ride out from Jerusalem. Note what the king hears the ants say about them; then how the queen tells him that the ants should be proud and glad to be trampled under such noble feet. Then finish the story.

Now think this, that this poem is an allegory, or a story with a hidden meaning. The hidden meaning is that the ants are the common people, and that the queen means that they should be

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glad to work for kings and nobles, — indeed, that they should be glad and proud to have the king trample on them.

But Solomon thinks not.

He thinks that —

"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak."

The last stanza tells the true meaning of the allegory.

In the poem, Whittier makes King Solomon teach a very noble lesson, a lesson in which all true Americans believe.

As you read the poem aloud, try to *tell* it as a story to your classmates.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

sheen: glitter or splendor.

God-lent crown: The Jews believed that Solomon's wisdom and the right to rule his people had been given or "lent" to him by the Almighty; hence, "God-lent crown."

King Solomon and the Ants

1

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them;

2

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

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3

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

4

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

5

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

6

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

7

"O king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!

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8

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

9

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

10

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

11

The jeweled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

12

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell, in your own words, the simple story of this poem.
2. What is an allegory? Why is this poem an allegory?
3. How were the common people treated by kings and nobles in olden times? What only were they believed fit for?
4. What is meant by the ants in the poem?
5. What did the Queen of Sheba think about the common people? Whom may the Queen of Sheba represent? What kind of good people does King Solomon represent?
6. What effect did Solomon's thoughtfulness for these tiny creatures have upon the queen?
7. What effect did Solomon's action have upon his followers?
8. What idea of justice and mercy may we get from this poem?
9. Which two stanzas tell the true meaning of the poem?
10. In America, do we agree with the Queen of Sheba or with King Solomon? Explain your answer.

John Greenleaf Whittier, often called the "Quaker Poet," was born in 1807, near Haverhill, Massachusetts. His boyhood home was a busy, economical one.

Young Whittier worked all of one winter making slippers, which he sold for eight cents a pair, to pay his next term's school dues. He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had just that amount left.

While he was still "a barefoot boy," a copy of the poems of Robert Burns fell into his hands, and, inspired by the verse of the plowboy of Scotland, he resolved to become a poet. "Snow-Bound" is his best poem descriptive of country life, and it is the best poem of this type written in America.

Whittier never married. He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1892, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

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AN APRIL DAY

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

We should be able to see easily the pictures in this poem, for every one of us has lived through many such April days.

Read the first stanza over in silence, seeing every picture, until you know perfectly what Mrs. Southey is telling you. Then shut your eyes and try hard actually to see all of it. *It is in your memory, every bit of it.* The " garnered fullness " of the clouds is the water that the sun had gathered, or " garnered," into the cloud.

Then read the second stanza in silence. Can you realize the *quietness?* It was so still that she almost believed she *heard*—

" The leaves and blossoms growing."

Now hear the rain in stanza 4. How do you know there was no wind?

Read in silence stanza 5. What does it mean?

Now let us imagine that we go out to look at what is happening on this April day. Let us look at the honeysuckle buds. What has happened to them? Can you see them now? (Stanza 6.) What has happened to the thorn bush?

Try to see in your mind the lilacs in stanza 7. Unless you see in your mind what Mrs. Southey is telling you, you have not *read at all,* even though you have stood up in class and pronounced the words correctly. Reading is seeing the images and getting the thoughts which the poet had.

Read now stanza 8, trying to see the " steamy air," and to imagine the " fragrance " that fills the air.

In stanza 9, try to think what " fruitful stores " are. Water

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is a large part of all vegetables and fruit. Where does it come from?

Notice what a perfect description is found in the last two lines of stanza 9.

Notice how carefully April is described in stanzas 9 and 10.

The meanings of the following words will help you to understand the poem:

The rain's continuous sound: the unceasing beating of the raindrops.

The lilac's cleaving cones: the unopened lilac buds, the leaves or petals of which cleave tightly together in the form of a cone.

rife: plentiful.

a momentary deluge (dĕl'ūj): a very brief and heavy fall of rain.

An April Day

1

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

2

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;

3

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;

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I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

4

I stood to hear — I love it well —
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

5

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

6

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

7

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

8

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;

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And grace and beauty everywhere
Are bursting into life.

9

Down, down they come — those fruitful stores,
Those earth rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

10

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

11

But yet behold! abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why is April a pleasant month, in spite of its constant rains?
2. What things that we see on an April day are described in stanza 1?
3. In stanza 2?
4. What in stanzas 2 and 3 shows how still the day was?
5. How did the rain fall? (Stanza 4.)
6. How far has the season advanced? Answer by reading aloud to the class stanza 5.
7. Read aloud the stanzas that show how things are grow-

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ing. Read just as if you were telling the class about what you, yourself, had seen.

8. Now read aloud about the rain's coming down again; then the clearing up; then the rain again. Is this like an April day?

9. Turn back to the following lines, take them one by one, read each one slowly, then shut your eyes and try to see or hear what it describes:
   Stanza 1, lines 3 and 4.
   All of stanza 2.
   All of stanza 4.
   All of stanza 5.
   Stanza 7, lines 1 and 2.
   Stanza 7, lines 3 and 4, the odor of lilacs.
   Stanza 9, lines 1 and 2.
   Stanza 9, line 3.
   Stanza 9, line 4, three pictures.
   Stanza 10, lines 1 and 2.
   Stanza 10, lines 3 and 4.
   Stanza 11, lines 1 and 2.
   Stanza 11, the meaning of lines 3 and 4.

10. Prove that you have really seen all this in your mind as you have been reading.

Mrs. Caroline B. Southey (south'ĭ), wife of the famous English poet, Robert Southey, was born in 1786 and died in 1854. From her poem, "An April Day," you will note that she could see and describe very clearly what was occurring around her.

And all the incense in the air springs from the speechless sod,
Which has no other offering or way to worship God.

CHARLES MONROE DICKINSON

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain.

MARY MAPES DODGE

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FOR LOVE OF A MAN

JACK LONDON

This selection is taken from the fine story, "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. It is about a wonderful dog in Alaska.

None but the strong and the brave can endure the hardships that must be undergone by the miners in Alaska in the winter. The temperature there is sometimes more than sixty degrees below zero. In this terrible cold, the only way to travel is with dogs and sleds. Sometimes a sled becomes frozen fast to the snow and ice, and before it can be moved, it must be "broken out," as it is called.

In the story, Thornton is the owner of the wonderful dog. The dog's name is Buck. If you will read "The Call of the Wild," you will love Buck as Thornton, his master, loved him.

The selection needs no further explanation. It tells itself. But you must try to imagine the scene. Maybe you have seen a moving picture of scenes in Alaska similar to this one. If so, that will help you.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the story:

exploit: a noble act or deed.

totem pole (tō′tĕm): a tall pole with hideous faces carved on it and painted in colors, made and worshiped by the Indians of the North Pacific coast. Here, a pole on which to mark high honors won.

virgin East (vûr′jĭn): eastern Alaska, not yet explored or prospected by miners.

Bonanza King: a man who has

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made a fortune at mining.
cue (kū): a hint.
appalled (ă-pôld′): became pale from fear.
contagion (kŏn-tā′jŭn): here, the passing of a feeling from one person to another.
superfluous flesh (sŭ-pûr′flo͞o-*us*): useless flesh, flesh that was not muscle.
virility (vĭ-rĭl′ĭ-tĭ): power, force, strength.
sheen: glitter, brightness.
Gee!: "Turn to the right."
Haw!: "Turn to the left."
Mush!: in the language of Alaska miners, the same as "Get up" when spoken to a horse, or "Go ahead!"
incoherent babel (bā′bel): every one talking at once.
indiscreet: unwise.

For Love of a Man

That winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem pole of Alaskan fame. This exploit was particularly gratifying to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, as it enabled them to make a long-desired trip into the virgin East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

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"And break it out? And walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza King, who had boasted that his dog could start a load of seven hundred pounds.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

"Well," Matthewson said, slowly and deliberately, so that all could hear, "I've got a thousand dollars that says he can't. And there it is."

Nobody spoke. Thornton could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The size of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, till now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans or Pete, his partners.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find the thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, an old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was a cue to him, seeming to rouse

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him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Sure!" answered O'Brien, "though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

Several hundred men, furred and mittened, banked around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero), the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. A dispute arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in Matthewson's favor.

Not a man believed Buck capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared.

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused — the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the call of the heart for battle.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with

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his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy forelegs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron.

"I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands," stuttered a rich miner.

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes to be moved by one dog, however powerful.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or

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murmur soft love words; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck! As you love me!" was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the movement, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled turning and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with

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a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches. . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; and, as the sled gained power of motion, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth, talking to him softly and lovingly.

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"I'll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir — twelve hundred, sir," spluttered the Skookum Bench king.

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Sir," he said to the Skookum Bench king, " money cannot buy him."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again indiscreet enough to interrupt.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this selection? From what story is it taken?
2. Explain the meaning of " Gee," " Haw," " Mush," " Break out."
3. What was the task given to Buck? What is considered a good load for a team of horses?
4. Why did Thornton make Buck " Gee " and " Haw " first?
5. Do you think that Buck understood that he must not fail his master?
6. Describe how Buck won the wager.
7. How did the crowd of men act when Buck won the wager? Can you imagine the scene?
8. How did Thornton act when Buck won?
9. What did Buck do in return? What did it show?

Animals are such agreeable friends — they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

GEORGE ELIOT

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WILL AND I

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

This fine poem was written by Paul Hamilton Hayne, a gifted Southern poet, who was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1831, and who died near Augusta, Georgia, in 1886. He was a poet of much ability.

"Will," in the poem, was Mr. Hayne's son.

To read the poem, you must see these two, the father and son, tramping joyously over the hills "in the golden summer weather."

See and hear the four things named in the second stanza, giving each a moment's thought.

In stanza 3, see the pair as, in "forest closes" (klōz'ĕs), which are open spaces in a thick forest, they gather flowers and make wreaths for little Will's beloved mother.

WILL AND I

1

We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I:
And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
Through the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

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2

Where the tinkling brooklet passes
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing,
And the field-lark seen upspringing
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny wingèd star,
Will and I.

3

Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild wood roses,
Will and I;
And have twined, with tender duty,
Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty
Of the purest brows that shine
With a mother-love divine,
Will and I.

4

Ah! thus we roam together,
Through the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
While the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us —
As we wander hand in hand
O'er the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Who was "Will"?
2. What time of the year was it? In what kind of country?
3. What four things did they hear and see in the second stanza?
4. What are "forest closes"? What did they do there? Can you see them?
5. Explain "And the winds of heaven *caress* us."
6. Which do you like better, this poem, or "A Boy's Song," which follows?

A Boy's Song

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

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THE BROWN THRUSH

LUCY LARCOM

Lucy Larcom, who for a number of years worked in a factory in Massachusetts, wrote many stories and poems to show us how foolish we are to let ourselves be miserable and unhappy. She has shown us that we ourselves *make* ourselves unhappy. She means to tell us that if, when we imagine that we are unhappy, we should think for a minute, — "How foolish I am to be unhappy!" — the unhappiness would leave us at once. Listen to the thrush as you read the following poem; then try being happy just because you are determined to be happy instead of being miserable.

Now imagine that you have a frown drawing down your brows, and that you are walking sullenly in a field. Suddenly a brown thrush on a treetop begins his rapturous song. Then think of what he is saying to you. The poem will tell what he says.

juniper tree: a kind of evergreen tree.

The Brown Thrush

1

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree —
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

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Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

2

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

3

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy, —
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What would a "merry" brown thrush be like?
2. What is the most important thing that he sings in the first stanza?
3. Why would the world "lose some of its joy" if the eggs were meddled with? Think hard about this.
4. To whom does Miss Larcom think the thrush is singing? Does it mean some *other* boy or girl than you?
5. What do the last four lines of the poem mean?

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THE GAMES OF A CHINESE BOY

YAN PHOU LEE

In America, boys and girls have many delightful sports and games. Play, especially that kind of play which includes running and all kinds of muscular exercise, is just as necessary to the proper development of your bodies as your studies in school are to the development of your minds. The play of children and also of animals is a wise provision of Mother Nature for their proper development. A little child, with its ever restless moving about, is thus giving to its muscles the exercises that they must have to develop them properly. When a playful child goes to bed tired after a hard day's play, every muscle of its little body has had hundreds of exercises.

Have you ever watched the play of such animals as dogs, cats, and foxes? Have you noticed how, in make-believe fierceness, they pounce upon their mates, seize them by the throats, and pretend to throttle them? And have you ever thought that this play is Mother Nature's way of training these animals to make their living by doing these very things in earnest when they are grown up? The play of young foxes includes, in fun, every act that will become a reality in life when they are grown, — sneaking up on their prey so quietly, pouncing suddenly upon it, throttling it, and so on. Play is the animals' *school.*

And play is also a large part of *your* schooling. Play hard, and play "fair," and pity the boy who leans against the fence while the rest are running, leaping, and shouting. He is losing much more than merely play. He is losing a chance to develop his muscles properly and really fit himself for his life's work.

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But how do children in other lands play? Here is a story that tells how Chinese children play. Read it, and compare their play with your own. Try to think what must be the effect upon their bodies of their games which are all dignified and serious.

But you could learn much from a Chinese boy about kite-flying No other children can make kites or fly them so well as can Chinese boys. It is a fine sport for both boys and girls.

You should learn the meanings of the following words before reading the story:

agile (ăj'ĭl): quick in motion.

cricket: an outdoor game played with a ball, bats, and wickets. See the dictionary for full description.

obstacles (ŏb'stȧ-k'lz): things that stand in the way of doing any particular thing.

hold communion with heavenly zephyrs (zĕf'ĕrz): a poetical expression meaning, mingle with the zephyrs or breezes on high hills.

azure (äzh'ur): the clear blue color of the sky.

august mien (ô-gŭst' mēn): grand, noble, stately appearance or manner.

plague (plāg): a very deadly disease.

designated (dĕs'ĭg-nāt-ĕd): named, pointed out.

intervention: something which comes between a person and a threatening danger in order to save him.

deity (dē'ĭ-tĭ): a god.

legend: a motto on a coin, as that on American coins, "In God We Trust."

currency: that which has power to pay for articles of commerce. All kinds of money are currency.

The Games of the Chinese Boy

The active sports of Chinese boys are few. There are hardly any sports, so called, that develop the muscles and render a lad graceful and agile. The

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Chinese boy at sixteen is as grave and serious as an American grandfather; and if he happens to be married soon after, he throws aside most games as being childish. At the best, he has nothing corresponding to baseball, football, cricket, bicycle-riding, skating, sliding, or tennis. Nor is he fond of exerting himself. He would rather sit for hours talking and joking than waste time in running or jumping. If his play makes him perspire, he thinks that it is work. His elders, too, frown upon boisterous games. They approve of quiet, thoughtful lads who are given to study.

But you must not suppose that the Chinese boy never plays at all. In spite of many obstacles, he proves that he is still a boy, and I will describe the outdoor amusements in which he does indulge.

Kite-flying is a national sport. Young and old take part in it, and it is not unusual to see a gray-haired man enjoying it in company with a ten-year-old youngster. Kites are of all sizes. I have seen kites that were six or seven feet from wing to wing. The frame is made of bamboo slips which can be easily bent. Over this is pasted very strong rice-paper, upon which figures are painted — sometimes the face of a man, sometimes a bird. On the larger kites a bow is fastened at the top, with a reed instead of a string, and when the wind blows upon this reed, a musical sound will be heard through the air that greatly delights everybody; it seems to the spectators a mysterious voice from a different world.

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Kite-flying in America can be much improved. Kites should be constructed of the Chinese shape. The rib that runs through both wings should bulge out so that the paper on both sides may cave in. This is for the purpose of catching and holding the wind as well as of steadying the kite. To a kite of this shape a tail is needless.

To fly such a kite, the cord must be very strong, and often it requires two or three men to hold it. When it gets among the clouds and the flyer's enthusiasm is at its boiling-point, a paper butterfly, beautifully colored, is fastened on the cord, and the wind sends it up with a whizzing sound to the kite itself. But when it touches the kite, the butterfly's wings come together, and down it returns, by its own weight, bringing a message from the skies, and its graceful approach is watched breathlessly.

The ninth day of the ninth month, which comes in October, is "Kites' Day." On that day it is the fashion to go up high hills and hold communion with heavenly zephyrs. Such a scene is inspiring. Men and boys, of all ranks, sizes, and ages, are seen with cords in their hands, pulling, yanking, and jerking, or letting loose all sorts of agile rice-paper monsters in the azure sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight, or in entangling them and cutting one another's strings by sudden jerks.

There is a story to account for the origin of the Kites' Day. Back in the world's history, when Time was yet

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a boy, a man, while working in the field, was told by a passing stranger with an august mien that a terrible plague was about to visit his house on the ninth day of the ninth month, and that the only way to escape was to go to a high hill near by. After giving this warning, the stranger disappeared mysteriously.

This man, who was, by the way, a good man, went home, and getting his whole family together before the fatal day arrived, set out with them to the hill designated and remained there all day. To while away the time, probably, his children flew their kites. Hence the custom. After sunset, they went home and found that all their cattle, chickens, and ducks had died. This proved that they themselves had been saved by the intervention of some deity. Ever since, people have made the day a national holiday.

Kicking the shuttlecock is a favorite outdoor amusement with boys and also with gentlemen. The shuttlecock consists of a bunch of feathers stuck into small round pieces of leather, or pasteboard, and tied together by a string. The game is to kick it when it is served to you and not allow it to drop on the ground. From two to six persons can play. Skillful players will keep the shuttlecock above ground for some time. We also have something which is a feeble apology for the manly sport of baseball. A piece of snake-skin is wound around with yarn until it attains the size of a billiard ball. Boys in China toss it, or make it bound, as American boys do their rubber balls.

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CHINESE CHILDREN

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Penny-tossing, or rolling, carries out the idea of marbles. But it is not considered a nice game, and only bad boys indulge in it.

Swimming is not popular, although many Chinese boys learn to swim. Fishing means work with the Chinese. A man or boy goes fishing simply for the fish, and not for the fun; and I am of the opinion that my countrymen are right.

Of indoor games and pastimes there is only a small list. Since young ladies and gentlemen are not allowed, in China, to enjoy one another's society, dancing is, of course, out of the question. A Chinese gentleman would consider it a foolish waste of time to hop about and twirl around for a whole night. Amusements requiring so much exertion are not to his taste; and as for throwing his arm around a girl's waist in the whirl of the waltz, a Chinese gentleman would not permit such an impolite act. Accordingly gentlemen's indoor pastimes are cricket-fighting and quail fighting.

Cricket-fighting is a sort of passion or craze with some Chinese. In the cricket season, men and boys hunt for them by the wayside, or among thickets on the mountains. When caught they are fed and afterwards tested as to their fighting qualities. A good fighter will fetch quite a large sum.

Dominoes is a game played by men and women as well as children. It is different from the American game, being more like the card game of whist.

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Guessing pennies always furnishes much amusement to little boys and girls. Chinese coins are made of brass and copper, with a square hole in the middle for convenience in carrying. On one side is a legend in Chinese giving the name of the emperor's reign and the word "currency." The game is to guess the name of the reign when the coin is turned upside down. Another game is played around a fruit-stand; it is to guess the number of seeds in an orange. The loser pays for the orange while the winner eats it.

There are not many games in which boys and girls play together. If they do play together it is only while they are children, under ten or twelve. Growing-up girls will have nothing whatever to do with boys, though Chinese boys and girls are very sociable, each with friends of their own sex.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why are out-of-door games that include running, leaping, and all other kinds of exercise of value to children? Are they better than exercise in a gymnasium? If so, why?
2. What is the purpose of the play of animals? Tell how kittens play, and show what preparation their play is for what they have to do when grown up.
3. Make a list of your games that include exercise of your muscles. Show how they develop your body.
4. What kind of games that we have are not played by Chinese children? Why do they not play these games? What do they miss by not playing these games?

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5. Describe the games of Chinese children. In what games do they excel us? In what kinds of play do we excel them?
6. How do Chinese boys and girls differ from American boys and girls in playing games together?
7. Do you think that Chinese boys and girls have as much fun as you have? Give your reasons.

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

CHALMERS

FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one, —
All timidly it came, —
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

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THE BROOK

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

This is a very famous poem, and it is also a beautiful song, for the music sounds just like the swift flowing of a brook.

You have never seen the brook about which Alfred Tennyson, the great English poet, wrote this fine poem. You will probably never see his brook, and it does not matter if you do not. But you have seen your own brook, which came from some lake where coot and hern (water birds) swam in the rushes; and your own brook did exactly what Mr. Tennyson, in this poem, says his brook did. So, in reading the poem, never mind Mr. Tennyson's brook in England, but try to see whether this poem tells how your brook says to you,—

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

As you read, you will see that the words sound just like the flowing of the brook; and you will find yourself hurrying along the bank of the brook to keep up with its flow. Read the first stanza and try it.

The pictures in this poem are very wonderful. But before we try to see them, we must learn the meanings of some words that are new to us, else we shall miss many fine pictures. Here are the new words:

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coot: a water bird, somewhat like a duck, but having a pointed bill. In America, the mud hen.

hern (hûrn): a heron, or a tall, slender, wading bird, having very long legs and neck, and a long, sharp bill.

sally: a swift rushing out.

to bicker: to go in a noisy, brawling manner; also to run in a zigzag or irregular course.

thorps: villages.

fallow: plowed land.

fairy foreland: a foreland is a tiny cape, made by a short turning of the brook. Here a cape so small that it is a *fairy* foreland.

shingly bars: places in the brook where the current has piled up obstructions, or "bars," of sand or earth.

cresses: water cress growing in still places in the brook.

Now having learned carefully the meanings of these new words, let us try to *see* and *hear* what the brook is telling us about itself. Do not try to see *Tennyson's* brook. It is your *own* brook that must help you to read the poem.

Now read it, first swiftly, not trying to get the meaning, but to see how you find yourself trying to keep up with the brook as it runs.

Then go back and see all the lovely pictures and hear the brook "chatter, chatter," as it flows. Remember that all the time the brook is speaking. In the first stanza, it tells us, —

"I come from haunts of coot and hern."

As you read that line, can you see a tiny brook flowing out from a little lake hid in a mass of ferns and rushes? On the lake are water birds called coots, while long-legged herons stand in the shallow water at the edge of the lake.

Then the poet tells us, —

"I make a sudden sally (a rushing out),
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

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Can you see the brook "sally," or rush out, from the lake?

Can you see it "bicker," or run in an irregular course, and hear its brawling noise?

Now try the second stanza. If we could really follow the brook in this stanza, it would show us *more than a hundred pictures in the four lines*. Explain how this is possible.

The third stanza. — At last the brook flows past "Philip's farm," and then "joins the brimming river." Can you see that?

But notice carefully now the last two lines of the third stanza. They mean that *men* come and go: that is, that men are born, live their lives, and *die*. But the brook does *not* die; it "goes on forever," playing and working.

Now we have shown you how to read the first three stanzas. Take up the rest of the stanzas, and, one by one, read them in the same way, *seeing* and *hearing* all that the brook tells of itself. You will find it a delightful pleasure. Do not hurry, but read slowly, giving yourself time to *see* and *hear*.

The Brook

1

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

2

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

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THE BROOK

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3

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

4

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

5

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

6

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

7

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

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8

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

9

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

10

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

11

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

12

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

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13

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who is speaking in "The Brook"? (It is telling us that it comes from a lake far up in the high hills, a lake where the coot and the heron have their homes; that at a steep place at the edge of the lake, it "makes a sudden sally," or flows out swiftly through the ferns on the edge of the lake, then "bickers" or flows crookedly and noisily down a valley below the hills where the little lake is. Now follow it on, seeing the brook all the way till it "joins the brimming river" far below.)
2. Tell how the brook flows in the second stanza. What is a "thorp"?
3. Where does it "join the brimming river"?
4. What is meant by the brook "chattering" "in little sharps and trebles"? (*Trebles* means high-pitched voices.)
5. What is meant by "fretting" the banks? Why does the fretting occur at a "curve"?
6. What is a "fairy foreland"?
7. Describe the flowing in the seventh stanza. What fishes are mentioned?
8. What is meant by "a silver water-break above the golden gravel"? What makes it?
9. Make a list of the words that tell the different ways in which the brook flows, and tell what each means.
10. What is meant by, —

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever"?

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THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

About the year 1850, on the Isles of Shoals, a group of islands off the coast of New Hampshire, there lived a little girl named Celia Laighton. She was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on the island. Later in her life, she married a gentleman named Thaxter, so she is now known as Celia Thaxter.

Life in a lighthouse must have been a very lonely life for a thoughtful little girl, especially in winter. Always in cold weather the great foamy waves were lashing the shore, and the winter winds rocked the tall lighthouse where at night the light always blinked toward the ocean to warn the sailors.

For fuel to keep the lighthouse home warm, the little girl gathered the driftwood, chiefly pieces of the wrecks of old ships which the waves and the tide drove far up on the shore.

Now picture to yourself a little girl, out on the beach gathering driftwood. As she walks along with the sticks that she has gathered in her arms, and the wind blowing her garments around her, there flits before her a pretty little bird called a sandpiper.

The sandpiper, the prettiest of our shore birds, is a dainty little bird, more slender and not quite so large as a robin. He has long, slender legs for wading, and a very long, slender bill. On his back he is a speckled brown in color, and his neck is gray-brown. On his breast and underneath his body he is white. His head is small and very dainty, and he has a cunning white ring around his eye. He has a very funny habit. He will suddenly tip or teeter backwards and forwards. Then on his long legs, he will

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run swiftly forwards, wading through shallow muddy pools, hunting for insects. Sometimes an insect will bury itself in the mud, and he will stick his long bill down into the mud and get it. That is the chief use for his long bill.

He is a very friendly little bird, and if you do not scare him, he will come very close to you. If you follow him up the beach, he will flit ahead of you, stopping a few rods away, teetering on his slender legs, and giving out a pretty cry which reminds you of the sound of some pipe-like musical instrument. That is why he is called a sandpiper.

So the little girl, the wind fluttering her dress as she gathers driftwood, goes up the beach, and her little friend, the sandpiper, is always just a little way ahead of her, stopping when she stops, teetering on his long, slim legs, and " uttering his sweet and mournful cry."

The little girl knows that, when the great storm which is coming breaks at night, she will be in the strong lighthouse, beside a warm fire made of her driftwood.

Then she thinks: " My little friend, the sandpiper, has no shelter and no warm fire. Where will he be to-night, when the great storm breaks? "

So, much worried for her little friend, she goes back to the lighthouse with her driftwood, when suddenly she thinks, —

" I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I? "

This is a beautiful and well-known poem. If you could see a moving picture of this poem, you would clap your hands with joy. But you can see it just as you can see a moving picture, if you will read carefully, stopping to " see all the pictures." Try the second stanza, for example, and see what a wonderful " movie " it is.

When you come to the last stanza, stop at the lighthouse door

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with Celia, turn around, and see the sandpiper. Then think the thought of the stanza with her.

Learn the following words before reading the poem:

bleached (blēcht): dried out and whitened by wind and sun.
scud: hurry on.
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds: the mist making the lighthouse look like a ghost in its grave clothes.
close-reefed vessels (rēft): before a storm the sailors tie up the sails so that the wind cannot tear them from the ship.
fluttering drapery: garments like a shawl, blown by the wind.
scans: looks at.
stanch friends (stânch): faithful friends.
wroth (rôth): angry.

The Sandpiper

1

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

2

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.

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Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

3

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

4

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky,
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem?
2. How did it come to be written?
3. Tell all you can about the sandpiper.
4. Describe the picture as told in the first stanza.
5. In the second stanza.
6. In the third stanza.

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7. What did the lighthouse look like in the mist?
8. Try to see and to describe how the ships looked in the distance.
9. Tell how the sandpiper acted in the third stanza.
10. What thought did Celia have as she went into the lighthouse with her driftwood? What answer came to comfort her?
11. Try to think out and write a moving-picture story of this poem.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the author of the well-known poem, "The Sandpiper," was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. She was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on the Isles of Shoals, ten miles southeast of Portsmouth. The poem describes a real incident. She spent not only her girlhood but much of her later life on her beloved Isles of Shoals. She died in 1894.

Hope

Once on a time from scenes of light
An angel winged its fairy flight.
Down to the earth in haste he came,
And wrote in lines of living flame
These words in every heart he met:
"Cheer up, cheer up! Be not discouraged yet!"
Then back to heaven with speed he flew
And tuned his golden harp anew,
And all the joyful throng came round
To listen to the soul-inspiring sound,
And heaven was filled with pure delight,
For Hope had been to earth that night.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE ARCHERS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Many hundreds of years ago, England was so covered with woods that a squirrel was said to be able to jump clear across the island by simply leaping from tree to tree.

It was a very different-looking country from the England through which we now travel. There were broad roads, however, that ran from north to south and also from east to west, for the use of those who wished to leave their homes, and at certain seasons these roads were thronged with people.

Besides these broad roads, there were small tracks and little green paths that led to groups of low huts, where dwelt the peasants, charcoal burners, and plowmen, and here and there a larger clearing told that the house of a yeoman was near.

At this time, Richard the Lion-hearted was King of England, and he was well loved by the people. But he was away from home on a crusade making war in foreign countries, and during his absence, the land was in the hands of nobles who ruled to please themselves. There were no laws to protect the people, and the rulers used their power to get anything that they wanted. Very few of them were kind or even fair to the poorer people. Men were thrown into prison, killed, or declared outlaws, often for no reason except that these rulers commanded it. It was a very common thing for a man to be declared an outlaw for a very small offense, and to be hunted like a wild beast from one end of England to the other. Men often became outlaws through no fault of their own. Many of them were friends of the poor people and enemies of the unjust lords.

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And this was the sort of England into which the famous Robin Hood was born. And who was Robin Hood? We really do not know anything definite about him, who he was, or where he lived, or what he had done to make himself an outlaw. But of all the heroes of England, probably none has ever gained greater fame than brave Robin Hood. A great number of the most popular English ballads make him their hero, and tell of his lawless pranks and daring deeds. He was said to be an outlaw and a robber who lived more than five hundred years ago in the depths of Sherwood Forest in England.

Because Robin Hood was an outlaw any man might kill him and never pay any penalty for doing so. But, outlaw or not, the poor people loved him and looked upon him as their friend. It was considered a great thing indeed to be one of Robin Hood's men, but it was not easy to gain a place among them. A man must first agree to live up to the rules that Robin had laid down. Then he must prove himself a good shot and a good fighter. It is said that, first of all, he had to fight Robin Hood himself.

Many a stout fellow joined Robin Hood, however, and led a merry life with him in the greenwood, with moss and fern for bed and with the king's deer for food. Robin Hood was said to be chief of the company of these fellows, — some say as many as a hundred.

The chief man among his band of followers was Little John. He was full seven feet tall and had very broad shoulders, and looked as if he were really as strong as an ox. His real name was John Little, but these merry men thought it was a great joke to call this giant Little John.

Next to Little John the chief man was Will Scarlet. When Will first joined the band he was dressed in scarlet clothes. So Robin Hood called him Will Scarlet, by which name he was always afterwards known.

Wherever Robin Hood and his merry men were known, they were known to be always on the side of justice and fair play. They never hurt a woman; they never robbed or ill-treated the

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poor people. But they struck blow after blow at the unjust lords. The blast of their hunting horns made many a rogue tremble and run away. They killed the king's deer for their food, and they robbed rich travelers on the road. But they were jovial and kindly, and often gave to the poor that which they took from the rich. The officers and the rich lords often tried to capture Robin Hood and his followers.

But the poor people learned to look upon Robin Hood as their friend, and they also learned to call on him for help whenever they were in trouble. No wonder that they loved to tell of his good deeds, and that his fame has come down in song and story to our day. He had many disguises, but he was most often clad in green and equipped with his hunter's horn and his bow and arrows. But at times he appeared as a simple yeoman. He was the best archer in the world, for his arrow never missed its aim.

The following account of Robin Hood's skill with the bow and arrow is from Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." The scene is laid in England at the time when John was plotting to take the throne from his brother, King Richard the Lion-hearted, while the latter was away on a crusade. Richard has returned, and, in disguise, is looking on at the entertainments given by John. Robin Hood makes his appearance at the trial of archers, under the name of Locksley. On the previous day he had given offense to John, who cannot see through Robin's disguise, but thinks him some blunt and ignorant yeoman. In reading this selection keep in mind always that Locksley is Robin Hood in disguise.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

baldric (bôl'drĭk): a broad belt, worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm.

medallion (me-dăl'yŭn): a large medal or memorial coin.

sylvan: of or pertaining to forests.

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resentment (rē-zĕnt'mĕnt): anger and ill will because of real or fancied injury.

noble: ancient gold coin worth about $1.61.

provost (prŏv'ŭst): a person appointed to superintend or preside over something.

their order of precedence (prē-sēd'ĕns): the order in which they were to take turns in shooting.

in succession (sŭk-sĕsh'ŭn): following in order one after another.

craven (krā'v'n): a base coward; a mean-spirited fellow.

infamy (ĭn'fȧ-mĭ): total lack of honor or reputation.

lists: the ground or field inclosed for the sports.

antagonist (ăn-tăg'ȯ-nĭst): one who contends with another, especially in combat.

buckler (bŭk'lēr): a kind of shield worn on one arm.

yeoman (yō'măn): in olden times in England, a freeman of the common people who usually owned a small piece of land.

Robin Hood and the Archers

To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, it being a bugle horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport. More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors.

Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more closely the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance that he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow,

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and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merrymen as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing of defeat and disgrace."

"What is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who for some cause which he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported as it is by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or draw my bow."

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"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman; "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue, which led to the lists. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were each to shoot three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, while the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts that hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Since it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

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"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size was placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, measuring long the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, and yet it alighted in the target

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two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution that he had received from his adversary, made the necessary allowance for the very light wind that had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! A Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful skill that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country, and will welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it, to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves the best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of

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"Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill.

"For my own part," he said, "and in the land where I was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, if it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the buckler. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah

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LOCKSLEY

H. M. Eaton

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Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence.

The archer justified their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of shouts followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike of his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own. We will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I were to take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had

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his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the woods in England five hundred years ago.
2. What kind of roads did England then have?
3. Who was king of England then?
4. Why was the king away from home?
5. Who acted as king while the king was away?
6. Who really ran the country to suit themselves?
7. What kind of laws did England then have?
8. How were the poor people treated?
9. How did many really brave men become outlaws?
10. How were these outlaws hunted?
11. Why might anyone kill an outlaw?
12. Why was Robin Hood an outlaw?
13. How could he be both an outlaw and a hero?
14. In what forest did he live?
15. How many were there in his band of merry men?
16. What did a man have to do to join the band?
17. What rules did Robin Hood make for his men?
18. Who was Robin Hood's chief follower?
19. What was his real name?
20. Who was the next best man?
21. How did he get his name?
22. How did Robin Hood treat the poor people?
23. Why did the poor people look upon him as a friend?
24. Tell how they often called on him for help.
25. Why did the poor people love to tell of his kind and daring deeds?
26. How was Robin Hood

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usually dressed?
27. How did he sometimes dress?
28. How good a shot was he with the bow and arrow?
29. How was Robin Hood disguised in the archery contest?
30. What name did he take?
31. Who was giving this entertainment?
32. What other person was there in disguise?
33. What was the penalty to be if Robin Hood failed in this contest?
34. What was to be done if he refused to shoot?
35. Why did Robin Hood think these terms unfair?
36. What kind of a mark did Robin Hood choose?
37. Relate his success in shooting at it.
38. Why would he not accept service with Prince John?
39. Did any one at the contest know that Robin Hood was there? What would have happened had it been known?

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He was a boy whom you would like to have known. He began early to take delight in books, and he read "the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, Eastern tales, and romances."

When his school days came to an end, he decided to study law, but his father told him that his long rambles through the country, talking with shepherds and farmers, were a far better training for a peddler than for a lawyer. So he gave up the law and became a poet and novelist. He wrote many poems and twenty-nine novels.

Scott bought a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford, on the banks of the Tweed, near the ruins of Melrose Abbey. He lavished care and money upon his estate. The cottage grew to a mansion, the mansion to a castle, and more land was bought and forests were planted.

In this beautiful home he spent his last days. He died there in 1832. He has left us a double treasure, the memory of himself and the possession of his works.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

CLARA SMITH

Have you ever seen the pretty flower called " Jack-in-the pulpit "? In the peculiar shape of this flower, many persons think they can see a resemblance to a pulpit, with a tiny preacher standing in it. So you see how the flower gets its name.

In the following poem, the poet goes out into the woods where all kinds of flowers are blooming, and finds a Jack-in-the-pulpit under a tree. She imagines that he is going to preach a sermon, and that the flowers around him, and the squirrels and the birds, are the congregation, waiting to listen to the sermon.

The lily-bells are " ringing to church." And now the poet asks us to come with her and " hear what his reverence rises to say." You know that a preacher is addressed as " Reverend," which means " deserving to be revered, or respected." So you see what " his reverence " means.

In stanza 2, the poet describes the congregation. As you read the stanza, you will see how like the flowers are to different kinds of persons in a congregation in a church, — some sad, some smiling, some like children, some in stylish " bonnets," some " languid," or lazy and uninterested, and so on.

In stanza 3, we are ready for the sermon from Jack-in-the-pulpit. But like many persons who go to church, not to hear the sermon, but to look at one another, the poet finds herself and also the whole flower-congregation, not listening to Jack-in-the-pulpit, —

" But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.

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We saw all their dresses —
  Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
  The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ,
  The bee and the bird, —
But of Jack-in-the-pulpit,
  We heard not a word."

For Jack, although he was in his pulpit, stood there and said not a single word to his beautifully dressed congregation!

To read the poem, you will see that you must *imagine* all that the poet tells, — that Jack-in-the-pulpit is to preach; that the squirrel and the bird hear the "lily-bells ringing to church"; and that each flower represents one of the different kinds of persons found in a church congregation.

Imagine that, instead of listening to the preacher, the flowers and the poet are studying one another's looks and dress; that the squirrel and the song-sparrow hear the "wind-organ" (what was it?), —

"But of Jack-in-the-pulpit,
  They heard not a word!"

Should you be able to go out into the woods this spring, try to find a Jack-in-the-pulpit and then try to find his "congregation" as described in this poem. Then try to *think* this poem as you look at Jack and his congregation. Try to hear the "wind-organ," and to imagine the lily-bells "ringing to church."

If you can do this, you will prove that you have *read* this poem.

It is not possible so to describe the flowers named in the poem that you can imagine them, but try to bring to school on the day when this poem is read as many of the flowers as you can find. Then examine each one as it is described in the poem.

Learning the meanings of the following words will help you to imagine what is described in the poem:

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their perch: the limbs, high up in the trees, on which the squirrels and birds sat or "perched."

guileless (gīl'lĕs): innocent, simple-minded, unable to deceive. (Have you not seen flowers that looked "guileless"?)

frail (frāl): not strong-looking; weak.

languidly (lăŋ'gwĭd-lĭ): idly, lazily.

text: the verse from the Bible chosen by a preacher as a theme for his sermon.

churches man-builded: churches builded by man contrasted with God's churches, — that is, the natural church, outdoors, where Jack-in-the-pulpit was to preach.

expound: explain.

discuss: to reason about the text.

wind-organ: the wind making music in the trees likened to the great organ in a church.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

1

Jack-in-the-pulpit
  Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
  Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
  High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
  Ringing to church.
Come hear what his reverence
  Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit
  This calm Sabbath day.

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2

Meek-faced anemones,
  Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
  Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
  Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets,
  Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
  Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
  The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
  Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
  Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
  All in their best,
Languidly leaning,
  In purple gauze dressed —
All are assembled
  This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
  In his pulpit will say.

3

So much for the preacher:
  The sermon comes next, —

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Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day, —
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses —
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack-in-the-pulpit
We heard not a word!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe a Jack-in-the-pulpit. Why is the flower so-called?
2. What does the poet imagine about Jack-in-the-pulpit?
3. What are the church bells?
4. Where is the perch of the squirrel and the song sparrow?
5. What kind of an audience, or congregation, is there? Read stanza 2 to answer this question.
6. Show how each flower is like certain persons in a congregation in church. Take up the flowers one by one to do this.
7. Show how the congregation was dressed in its very best clothes.

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8. Why were the flower people not listening to the sermon of Jack-in-the-pulpit? Does the same thing ever happen in a real church? Read aloud the third stanza to describe why Jack-in-the-pulpit's sermon was not heard.
9. Have you been able to understand the poet's fancy about Jack-in-the-pulpit and his congregation?

Little is known about Clara Smith and her writings, but "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is certainly full of beautiful pictures.

Beauty in Common Things

Seek not far for beauty. Lo! It glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see,
It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common duties build all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
While grass and stars and flowers spell out his name.

Minot J. Savage

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IN THE ORCHARD

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

It is best that once in a while you should try to interpret a poem all by yourselves. What you must finally do is to learn to interpret all poems without any help whatever. "In the Orchard," by Frank Dempster Sherman, is a good one for you to interpret.

So, except for the questions following the poem, you are expected, without help, to see everything, and hear everything that Mr. Sherman describes.

Patti: Adelina Patti, a famous singer.

caroling: singing joyously.

In the Orchard

1

O robin in the cherry tree,
I hear you caroling your glee.
The platform where you lightly tread
Is lighted up with cherries red,
And there you sing among the boughs
Like Patti at the opera house.

2

Who is the hero in your play
To whom you sing in such a way?
And why are you so gayly dressed,

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With scarlet ribbons on your breast?
And is your lover good and true?
And does he always sing to you?

3

Your orchestra are winds that blow
Their blossom notes to me below,
And all the trembling leaves are throngs
Of people clapping for your songs.
I wonder if you like it when
I clap for you to sing again.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was the robin-singer's stage or "platform"? Mr. Sherman likens the robin to Patti, the great singer. Where did she stand while singing in an opera house?
2. How was the robin's stage lighted?
3. What was his "orchestra," or band of musicians? What did this "orchestra" send down for notes of music?
4. Who were the people to whom he seemed to be singing? How did they applaud him? Who helped him?
5. When next you see a robin singing in a tree full of blossoms, will you not try to see all that Mr. Sherman saw? Do you not think that in being able to see such things, he must have found more than most people who look but do not see? Tell why it would pay to try to learn to see in the same way.

Frank Dempster Sherman was born at Peekskill, New York, in 1860. He was an American educator and well-known poet. He died September 16, 1916.

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INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER

WILLIAM C. BENNETT

An " invocation " is a prayer.

Have you ever seen a summer so dry that the flowers were drooping and wilting for want of rain?

Imagine such a summer, with the drooping plants all around you. Then read over this poem silently, remembering that it is a prayer to the summer rain.

Can you see the summer rain begin to fall gently? Can you see the thirsty flowers drink it? Can you see them straighten up as they " drink the freshness of the rain "?

Can you see the summer rain " brim " the " meadow stream," that is, fill it to the brim?

A prayer is sometimes an earnest wish. Every one, in time of drought, has prayed thus to the summer rain; but every one could not express his prayer. And this poem is what each one of us would pray to the summer rain if we could express ourselves.

The next time you see the flowers and other plants drooping in the dry heat, get your reader, and read this poem to find out how well it tells what you want to say.

There are some fine pictures in this poem, — the drooping lily; the landscape quivering; the cattle panting; the parching air and purple skies; the brimming meadow stream; and the mist softening the hills.

Close your eyes, and see these pictures one by one.

Try hard to understand the third and fourth lines in stanza 3.

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How do you think this poem should be read aloud?

A " landscape " is what a person, at one view, can see of the country around him.

Invocation to Rain in Summer

1

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine —
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

2

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the trees;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee — for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

3

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed;
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is an "invocation"? To what is this invocation made? Why did Mr. Bennett write an "invocation to the summer rain"?
2. What does he ask in stanza 1?
3. How does he describe the condition of things in stanza 2?
4. What does he ask the rain to do in stanza 3?
5. When the earth was parched and dry, have you ever had thoughts like Mr. Bennett's? If so, tell how well this poem expresses your thoughts at such a time.

William C. Bennett, an English song writer, was born at Greenwich, England, in 1820, and died at Blackheath in 1895.

The summer day was spoiled with fitful storm;
At night the wind died and the soft rain dropped
With lulling murmur, and the air was warm,
And all the tumult and the trouble stopped.

CELIA THAXTER

And how should the hills be clothed with grain,
The vales with flowers be crowned,
But for the chain of silver rain
That draws them out of the ground?

ALICE CARY

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THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This poem tells a pretty story of a " little lazy cloud " which wanted to play all the time and which was unwilling to do its part in the work of the world. It —

" Said it did not care if the earth was dry:
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no, it *wouldn't*, tumble on the ground."

After you have read and understood the story of the little lazy cloud, it is just barely possible that you may think that there is another meaning hidden under the story of the little cloud's laziness, its desire to play all the time, and its determination not to do its share of work. Try to find out whether the author of the poem may have had you, yourself, in mind in the story of " the lazy little cloud."

In reading the story, try to see the little cloud and to hear what it said. See the flowers and other growing things suffering because the little cloud wanted to play all the time and was unwilling to do its part as a helper.

Stanza 3 has in it some pretty pictures. In reading it, try to see what happened to the little cloud, and do not fail to find the meaning of the last line of this stanza.

In stanza 4, try to imagine Old Grandpa Thunder as he growled his remarks at the little cloud, just as all good grandpas do at lazy little idlers.

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In stanza 5, try to see the lightning like a dear, busy old grandma, "flitting to and fro," as she tells her grandchild what it ought to do.

Then in stanza 6, try to see the flowers lift up their heads and the cherries grow and grow after the little lazy cloud had stopped playing and had done its work.

And notice, in the last line of the poem that, *after* it had done its work, the little lazy cloud —

"Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun."

Then after you have read and understood the story of "the little lazy cloud," try to find out whether it has any meaning with regard to you, yourself; and if so, what that meaning is.

The Little Lazy Cloud

1

A pretty little cloud away up in the sky,
Said it did not care if the earth was dry:
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no, it wouldn't, tumble on the ground.

2

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have pitied them;
They'd hardly strength to hold to the little slender stem.

3

By and by the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock;

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Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry as down to earth it came.

4

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away,
Said, "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day:
Little clouds were meant to fall when the earth is dry,
And not go sailing round away up in the sky."

5

And old Grandma Lightning, flitting to and fro,
Said, "What were you made for, I should like to know,
That you spend your precious time sailing all around,
When you know you ought to be buried in the ground?"

6

Then lilies dear and pansies all began to bloom,
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all the room.
Then by and by the little cloud, with all its duty done,
Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe "the little lazy cloud" and tell what it said.
2. Tell what happened to other things when the cloud would not do its work.
3. Tell what happened to the little cloud (stanza 3),

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and explain what the stanza means.

4. Tell, by reading aloud stanza 4, what old Grandpa Thunder said.
5. Tell, by reading aloud stanza 5, what Grandma Lightning said.
6. What is meant by the last two lines of stanza 5?
7. What happened to the flowers and the cherries after the cloud had been made to do its work?
8. Are children ever like the little lazy cloud? How?
9. Does anything or anybody ever have to suffer because children do not do their part? Tell how.
10. Who may the children's "old Grandpa Thunder" and "old Grandma Lightning" be?
11. When is the proper time to be "allowed a little fun"? (Last two lines of the poem.)

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth forever fair,
The sky forever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies
And tempests beat.

ALFRED H. MILLS

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MAGGIE VISITS THE GYPSIES

GEORGE ELIOT

Most children have heard stories about gypsies and their stealing girls and boys. So gypsies have always had a wonderful and somewhat fearful attraction for children. This story tells how Maggie Tulliver ran away to become Queen of the Gypsies.

This selection, which is from George Eliot's novel, "The Mill on the Floss," has in it no hidden meaning. It is just a good story, a very good story. You are to read it for pure enjoyment. It needs no explanation, except the meaning of a few words.

Read over the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

gypsydom (jĭp'sĭ-dŭm): the kind of life that gypsies live.

Dunlow Common: a "common" in England and in the American colonies was a tract of land which everybody could use. Dunlow Common, of course, was the common near Maggie's home.

margin (mär'jĭn): the edge of anything.

highwayman: a person who robbed people on the highway or road.

haunting images: pictures in the mind that will not go away.

PART I

Maggie Tulliver was an odd little girl, but she was devoted to her brother Tom. A pretty little cousin named Lucy was visiting at her house, and Tom paid

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Frank T. Merrill

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER

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so much attention to her that Maggie thought that she was neglected.

In their morning walk, Tom called Lucy to look at a half-built bird's nest, without caring to show it to Maggie, and peeled a willow switch for Lucy and himself without offering one to Maggie. Lucy had said, "Maggie, shouldn't *you* like one?" but Tom was deaf.

Tom had laughed at Maggie and had told her she was "a stupid." "Don't laugh at me, Tom," she burst out angrily. "I'm not a stupid, I know a great many things you don't."

"Oh, I dare say, Miss Spitfire!" said Tom. "I'd never be such a cross thing as you, making faces like that. Lucy doesn't do so. I like Lucy better than you. I wish Lucy were *my* sister."

All this made Maggie so angry that she pushed Lucy into the mud and then ran away, thinking she would go to live with the gypsies.

The resolution that gathered in Maggie's mind, after Tom and Lucy had walked away, was not so simple as that of going home. No; she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie. She had been so often told that she was like a gypsy and "half wild," that, when she was miserable, it seemed to her that the only way of escaping would be to live in a little brown tent on the Commons. The gypsies would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge.

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She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and had suggested that he should stain his face brown, and that they should run away together. But Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and got hardly anything to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day, however, Maggie thought that her misery had reached a point at which gypsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life. She would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relatives who found fault with her, should never see her any more.

She thought of her father as she ran along, but determined that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, but would just let him know that she was well and happy and that she had always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running, but, by the time Tom got to the pond again, she was at the distance of three long fields, and was on the edge of the lane leading to the highroad. She stopped to pant a little, reflecting that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had come quite to the Common where the gypsies were.

But she was soon aware, not without trembling, that there were two men coming along the lane in front of

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her. She had not thought of meeting strangers, for she had been too much occupied with the idea of her friends coming after her. The strangers were two shabby-looking men with flushed faces, one of them carrying a bundle on a stick over his shoulder. But to her surprise the man with the bundle stopped, and in a half-whining, half-coaxing tone asked her whether she had a copper to give a poor man.

Maggie had a sixpence in her pocket, which she immediately drew out and gave this poor man, with a polite smile, hoping that he would feel very kindly towards her as a generous person. "That's the only money I have," she said. "Thank you, little miss," said the man, in a less respectful and grateful tone than Maggie expected, and she even observed that he smiled and winked at his companion.

She walked on hurriedly, but was aware that the two men were standing still, probably to look after her, and she presently heard them laughing loudly. Suddenly it occurred to her that they might think she was an idiot. Tom had said that her cropped hair made her look like an idiot, and it was too painful an idea to be readily forgotten.

She was used to wandering about the fields by herself and was less timid there than on the highroad. Sometimes she had to climb over high gates, but that was a small evil. She was getting out of reach very fast, and she should probably soon come within sight of Dunlow Common, or at least some other common,

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for she had heard her father say that you couldn't go very far without coming to a common. She hoped so, for she was getting rather tired and hungry, and until she reached the gypsies, there was no definite prospect of bread and butter.

It was still broad daylight, and, though it was nearly an hour since Maggie had started, there was no gathering gloom on the fields to remind her that the night would come. It seemed to her that she had been walking a very great distance indeed, and it was really surprising that the Common did not come within sight. At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had never seen such a wide lane before; and, without her knowing why, it gave her the impression that the Common could not be far off. Perhaps it was because she saw a donkey, with a log fastened to his foot, feeding on the grassy margin, for she had seen a donkey fettered in that same way on Dunlow Common when she had been across it in her father's gig.

She crept through the bars of the gate and walked on with new spirit, though not without haunting images of a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear, and other miscellaneous dangers. She had rushed into the adventure of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now that she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared

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look on either side of her, lest she should see some dreadful thing.

It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock. She was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark, shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him. It did not occur to her that he was one of her friends, the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie actually saw the little black tent with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the disgrace that had pursued her in civilized life.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke; doubtless, the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries. It was astonishing to her that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather disappointing. A mysterious common, where there were sandpits to hide in, and one was out of everybody's reach, had always made part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of George Eliot. See p. 346.
2. Tell what made Maggie Tulliver determine to run away.
3. Tell what you know about gypsies.
4. What was Maggie's plan for running away?
5. What did she intend to write to her father?
6. Tell how Maggie found the gypsies.
7. Why was it not as she expected?

PART II

Be sure to read over the meanings of these words before reading Part II:

skewer (skū'ẽr): a pointed wooden or metal rod.
prone: lying flat on the ground.
hind foremost: the front where the back ought to be.
amazement: great wonder.
tremor (trē'mŏr): a fear so great as to make one tremble.
treacle (trē'k'l): the English word for molasses.
Jack the Giant Killer: the hero of many old fairy stories, in which he slays many giants.
Mr. Greatheart: a noble character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
St. George: the patron saint of England.

It was plain she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached, and thought that her aunt and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy, for this face, with the bright dark eyes and the long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

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"My little lady, where are you going?" the gypsy said in a coaxing tone.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie had expected. The gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly. "Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I've come to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure!" said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle, which sent forth an odorous steam. Two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows. And a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent, stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the teacups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing basin and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand.

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At last the old woman said: "What! my pretty lady, have you come to stay with us? Sit down and tell us where you came from."

It was just like a story. Maggie liked to be called a pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said:

"I've come from home, because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to crawl. "And such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet, and looking at it while she made a remark to the old woman, in the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind foremost, with a grin. But Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief, like yours" (looking at her friend by her side). "My hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon," she added, thinking it probable that the gypsies had a strong feeling in favor of long hair.

"Oh, what a nice little lady! — and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes; my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the

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river, where we go fishing, but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I've read them so many times, — and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too, — that's about the world we live in, — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle, and her cheeks to flush, — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies, and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity. "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly, you know. It's in my geography, but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea — *I want my tea so.*" The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold victuals. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?"

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"It's Dorlcote Mill — a long way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we mustn't let him know where I am, or he will fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl, meanwhile, was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie, "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I were a queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice victuals, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea, instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh! a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We've no treacle," said the old woman, crossly.

Then the old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger woman crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons. Maggie

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trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. Meanwhile, the tall girl gave a shrill cry, and presently the boy came running up whom Maggie had passed as he was sleeping, — a rough lad about the age of Tom. He stared at Maggie, and there ensued much chattering. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry before long. The gypsies didn't seem to mind her at all, and she felt quite weak among them.

But the springing tears were checked by a new terror, when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone. A black dog ran barking up to Maggie, and threw her into a tremor that found only a new cause in the curses with which the younger man called the dog off, and gave him a rap with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt that it was impossible that she should ever be queen of these people, or even give them amusing and useful instruction.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her. At last the younger woman said in her coaxing tone, "This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

"Aye, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and the other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all, except the thimble, to the younger woman, with some remark, and she put them again in

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Maggie's pocket. The men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire, and been turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble. But the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort, — all thieves except Robin Hood were wicked people. The women saw that she was frightened.

"We've nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit of this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite. If her father would only come by in the gig and take her up. Or even if Jack the Giant Killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George, who slew the dragon on the halfpennies, would happen that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in her neighborhood. Nothing very wonderful ever came there.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe Maggie's meeting with the gypsies.
2. What amusing offer did Maggie make the gypsies?
3. Do you suppose the gypsies were amused at Maggie's generous offer to be their queen? Why?
4. Was Maggie's dream of gypsy life turning out as she expected? Why not?
5. What heroes did Maggie wish might come and rescue her? Who were they?
6. What is meant by the last sentence of Part II?

Part III

Read over the meanings of these words before reading Part III:

little missis: little mistress.
Dorlcote Mill: the home of Tom and Maggie Tulliver.
nightmare: a bad dream.
terrified: made greatly afraid.
thatched cottages: cottages with roofs of straw or reeds.
finger post: a guide post made like a hand, with a finger pointing to a certain place.
to be alluded to: to be mentioned.

Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid change in the last five minutes. She had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit — come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think; it seems to be getting darker. I think I must go home now, and

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come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things."

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady, we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper; you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live; what's the name of the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be; you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting it on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you, and what a nice little lady we said you were?"

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"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie; "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah, you're fondest of me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him; and no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman patted her on the back, and said, "Good-by," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago.

No one was ever more terrified than poor Maggie in this ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown. The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a dreadful meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low, thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane — seemed to add to its dreariness. They had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed; it was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, and was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger post at the corner —

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W. L. Haskell

THE GYPSY WAS SEATED ON THE DONKEY, HOLDING MAGGIE IN FRONT OF HIM

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she had surely seen that finger post before — "To St. Ogg's, 2 miles."

The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like to come with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well. She was thinking how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy, when, as they reached a crossroad, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! O, Father, Father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after being on the tramp all day."

"Oh, yes, Father! he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work *you* ever did.

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I couldn't afford to lose the little lass; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this, how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and to lose yourself?"

"O Father!" sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you mustn't think of running away from Father. What would Father do without his little lass!"

"Oh, no, I never will again, Father — never!"

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening; and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies. Maggie was rather awe-struck by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What great fear had now seized Maggie?
2. How did she try bravely to deceive the gypsies into letting her go home?
3. Tell how the gypsy took her home.
4. Why did the gypsy want Maggie to tell her father that the gypsies had been good to her?
5. Tell how she met her father.
6. Tell how the gypsy got his hoped-for reward.

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7. How was Maggie received on her return?
8. What did she think of her own conduct?
9. Why did not her dream of being a gypsy queen turn out as happily as she expected?

George Eliot, a great English novelist, was born in Warwickshire England, in 1819. "George Eliot" is only her "pen name." Her real name was Mary Ann Evans. "The Mill on the Floss," from which "Maggie Visits the Gypsies" is taken, is the story of her own early life. In the novel, George Eliot was "Maggie," and her brother was "Tom Tulliver."

True Success

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has not lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life has been an inspiration and whose memory is a benediction.

Bessie A. Stanley

One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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JULY

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT

You will have to call upon your memories to help you read this poem. Susan Hartley Swett has put into her poem the things that she thinks tell best what July is like. She thinks the "scarlet cardinal" or redbird, the dragon fly, the lazy breeze, cobwebs on the blue cornflowers, lilies leaning over the wall, butterflies, veils of mist, poppies blooming in the rye fields, and a great quietness are things we find in July. Shut your eyes, think of what you saw last July, and see whether the poet is right.

Now take up the stanzas one by one and read each line silently and slowly, trying hard to hear the song of the redbird, and to see the dragon fly and each picture in turn. Don't hurry. You will find it much fun.

JULY

1

When the scarlet cardinal tells
  Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
  And murmurs a lullaby,
    It is July.

2

When the tangled cobweb pulls
  The cornflower's cap awry,

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And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

3

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

4

When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does a "scarlet cardinal" look like? To whom is he singing in this poem?
2. Why does the poet say that "the lazy breeze makes a *nest* in the trees"?
3. Have you seen a cobweb on a flower top? What does it do to the cornflower? What does "awry" mean? What are the lilies doing? What kind of lilies do you think are meant?
4. Try to *feel* the "heat like a mist-veil."
5. What has happened to the formerly joyous song of the streamlet?
6. What effect does the stillness have upon Time? What does he let the lazy hours do?
7. How does the day close?

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TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Read the first stanza of this little poem silently, and answer to yourself the question it asks. Thomas Carlyle, who wrote the poem, is asking *you* the question.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Scotland, in 1795. He was the writer of many famous books. He wrote much prose, but only this one poem. He was ill almost all his life, but although he rarely *felt* like working, he forced himself to work, and few men have ever worked harder than he. He did not often let a " blue day slip useless away." Mr. Carlyle died in 1881.

He once spent years of hard work writing a book. After it was finished, he sent the manuscript, or the written sheets of the book, to a friend to read. The maid who took care of his friend's library thought the precious sheets of paper were waste paper and burned the manuscript.

What did Mr. Carlyle do? Like a brave man, he went to work again and rewrote the book. This shows how brave he was.

So you see he lived as he asks you to live. He did what he asks you to do.

Have you ever thought that our lives are made up simply of a number of days. They are about all we have. Each of these days is really a little life. If each of these little lives is useless our whole life will be useless. The chief difference between a man and an ox is that the ox just lives through his days. He cannot think nor *want* to do things. *He just lives.*

Now a human being can *think*. He can say to himself: " I have not grown at all to-day. I have not learned a thing nor done

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a thing. I am ashamed that I have let this 'blue day slip useless away.'"

"Eternity" means all the time that ever was and that ever will be. This "blue day," meaning a day of clear blue sky, came out of Eternity and went back into it. No one ever saw it before, nor will ever see it again. If wasted, its opportunities are gone forever.

A great man once wrote this: —

"Lost, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

What are *you* doing with this "blue day"?

To-day

1

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

2

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

3

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

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4

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this poem? Tell what you know about him.
2. What was he thinking about when he wrote this poem?
3. What is "Eternity"? Where did this day come from? Where will it go? Will it ever be seen again?
4. What has this poem to do with you? What have you learned or done to-day that has been worth while?
5. Why is it much more important to think about what we can do to-day than to spend our time thinking about what we did yesterday or what we may do to-morrow?

I Can

"I can" is a worker;
He tills his broad fields,
And digs from the earth
All the wealth that it yields.

The hum of his spindles
Begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges
Are blazing all night.

William Allen Butler

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